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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury has surprised the world by making more changes in his Cabinet than anyone anticipated. The translation of Lord Lansdowne to the Foreign Office involved the appointment of a new Secretary of State for War, and the Prime Minister's choice has fallen upon Mr. St. John Brodrick, who entered the House of Commons in 1880 at the early age of twenty-five. Mr. Brodrick is therefore just entering upon middle life, and he has achieved the rare distinction of never having made a mistake either as Under Secretary for War or as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He will return to an office with the business and personnel of which he is well acquainted, and he will bring to a task that might daunt an older man proved parliamentary courage, a clear head, and energy that has not yet been chilled by failure. Mr. Brodrick has been given by his chief such an opportunity as has been seldom offered to a young statesman, and for our part we believe that he will justify his appointment. Much will be expected of him, but unless we have misread his character he will not disappoint his friends.

Truly this is the age of young men. Lord Selborne, who succeeds Mr. Goschen as First Lord of the Admiralty, is like Mr. Brodrick, only in his ninth lustre, and he has acquitted himself well as Under Secretary for the Colonies. Common-sense, industry, and modesty are the prominent qualities of the new First Lord, and for a good administrator they are more essential than the power of platform rhetoric. We cannot affect regret at the retirement of Sir Matthew White Ridley from the Home Office, where he has been neither a success nor a failure, though he managed to produce a general impression of weakness. We think that the Home Secretary ought for obvious reasons to be an eminent lawyer; but if we are not to have a lawyer, Mr. Ritchie's business training will stand him in good stead, and he ought to do well: at any rate his want of subtlety will keep him clear of the scrapes into which more brilliant men in that post have fallen. We should not be surprised if Mr. Wyndham were to succeed Mr. Gerald Balfour, whose health is very weak, as Irish Secretary. We are still waiting for the news that Mr.

Chaplin has tendered his resignation of the Presidency of the Local Government Board.

There is something touching in the tribute of allegiance to Lord Salisbury that comes trickling in from the islands of Orkney and Shetland, a fortnight after people have ceased to think about the General Election. The Orkney victory added to those in Sutherland and the Wick Burghs would seem to show that the Crofter agitators have been weighed and found wanting by their Keltic constituents, and that the north of Scotland need by no means be despaired of. It is probable that both Inverness and Ross-shire might have been won by the Unionists, if things had been managed differently by the local organisations.

On Monday night at the dinner given to the City Imperial Volunteers, Lord Wolseley read a message from the Queen to the Volunteers in which occurred the passage: "I also myself have to grieve for the loss of a dear and most gallant grandson who like so many others has served and died for his Queen and country." Lord Wolseley added: "The reference is to Prince Christian Victor, of the King's Royal Rifles, who died this afternoon in Pretoria." The Prince had succumbed to an attack of malarial and enteric fever. The news of his death had come on the day when people were rejoicing over the return of those who had been exposed with him to the same dangers. His death is the third in the sad series of deaths in warfare in South Africa of young Princes closely associated with the Queen either by family ties or by a personal friendship: first, the Prince Imperial, in the Zulu campaign of 1879; second, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died during the Ashanti campaign in 1895, where Prince Christian also served; and now Prince Christian himself in the campaign in South Africa. The Prince was a soldier who took his profession seriously. He had seen active service on six occasions since his entrance into the army in 1888. It is no undistinguished career when a young officer of thirty-five has in his record the Soudan expedition and the South African campaign.

The C.I.V.'s march will have done at any rate this much good; it will have given the Volunteers some experience of a *mêlée* and thus rounded off their military education, since in South Africa their fighting was mainly at long ranges and in extended order. There is no exaggeration in describing as a *mêlée* a reception which resulted in a casualty list exceeding the total of casualties during their whole time in South Africa.

among the troops who were being received. Certainly it was no fault of the men themselves that the intended procession or march was turned into a struggle of a most undignified character. Anything less imposing as a pageant than Monday's function it would be difficult to imagine. That might have been forgiven and forgotten in the more remarkable pageant of the extraordinary crowd, had that crowd's conduct been such as to suggest a spontaneous but decorous appreciation of their fellow-townsmen's prowess. But the indecent behaviour of the people in the Strand and elsewhere from the moment the procession had passed till far into the night dispelled any such pleasant illusion. They had simply jumped at the Volunteers' return as an occasion for a day of rowdiness. There are some who say such exhibitions stimulate the Imperial feeling. For the Empire's sake we hope they do not.

Lord Kimberley is a statesman of the old school, for whom we have a great respect, and even liking. Manners are something in this world, after all, and there is a courtesy and restraint about Lord Kimberley which are much to our taste. We cannot, for instance, but agree with Lord Kimberley when he said that "he was for the maintenance of the Empire, but there need not be so much shouting over it. There had been too much shouting. At present there was nothing for it but to shout or to remain quiet until the shouting was over." One very important admission Lord Kimberley made at Wymondham on Wednesday: he confessed that "however wise the Manchester school might have been on economic questions, their policy in reference to colonial and foreign affairs was not very sound." What would Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt say to this? In his old-fashioned way Lord Kimberley will have none of the term "Imperialist," of which he frankly says he is "sick."

The South African situation still seems no nearer a peaceful solution, and the events of the last week show us only too clearly what mischief a comparatively small body of mobile irreconcilables can accomplish. The process of hunting them down is necessarily tardy. Perhaps the most satisfactory intelligence is that there is "an increasing inclination on the part of the Boers possessing property" to help us in bringing the struggle to an end. One new feature is that the Boers seem to be overcoming their repugnance to assume the offensive, as the affairs at Jacobsdal—which resulted in the loss of twenty-seven Cape Highlanders—Palmietsspruit, and Ventersburg testify. It is satisfactory to hear that the houses of the inhabitants of the former place who admitted the Boers have been destroyed. News comes once more of General Rundle's doings. He is in the neighbourhood of Harrismith, having marched there from Vrede via Reitz and Bethlehem. He has been engaged daily with small parties of Boers of varying strength but disposed of them the more easily because they had no artillery. General Paget effected on 23 October the record capture of stock when he seized a convoy and 25,000 head of cattle.

We are told too of successes that have been gained against the "ubiquitous" De Wet, and that his forces have been scattered. But we note that all so-called successes against this commander lack at least one test of success—his capture or the rendering of it impossible for him to work further evil. Twice during the week he is said to have been defeated. On the 25th he was attacked by General Barton at Frederickstad. The fighting was at close quarters, and our men got home with the bayonet. The Boers as usual were "scattered in all directions." But our losses were comparatively heavy. Two days later General Charles Knox is also reported to have fought a successful engagement against him. It appears that De Wet in attempting to cross the Vaal was fallen upon by our troops. He then attempted to escape by the south-east, but was headed in that direction by Colonel Le Gallais. In the result he is stated to have lost heavily, and he left two guns and three wagons in General Knox's hands. He managed again however to escape, being assisted this time by darkness and a heavy storm. Small bodies of troops continue to leave for home, a section of the Australians this week following the Canadians and the

C.I.V.'s. Lord Roberts' departure unhappily seems likely to be delayed by the illness of his daughter.

Lord Wolseley made a speech at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield on Thursday, the most important passage of which reads like a defence of the military advisers of the War Office in the form of a charge against not this Government particularly but all Governments that from time to time are at the head of affairs. He enforced his point by reference to France, Germany, and all other great nations of the world, where whatever might be deemed necessary by the General Officer, who was mostly the Sovereign, to make the army efficient was regarded as a consideration that came before all others. In England on the other hand, he said, conditions constantly arose when a man like himself might feel it necessary to declare that the Army was not strong enough or that its guns were old, or that our fortifications were defended by obsolete artillery and so on. He was listened to and the answer was that these things are very desirable, but we have not the money to provide them: therefore we did not get them. Lord Wolseley would interpose the nation's opinion in this state of things to decide between the Government and the experts. He believed in the competency of the common sense of the country to decide between the specialist and the Treasury which refused to pay. We have no remark to make here on his plan except that it seems as little like as anything could be to the foreign military methods he admires.

The Concessions Commission inquiring into the uses which the various concessionnaires from the late Transvaal Government made of their monopolies has had before it the representative of the Dynamite Actien-Gesellschaft. When the Netherlands Railway Company was inquired into we had to point out that the proof of their misdoings and of their active share in hostilities was contained in undisputed letters taken at Pretoria. This is true of the evidence produced against the Dynamite Company. It shows that large payments were made of secret service money to secure and maintain the dynamite monopoly. The Government Inspector of Explosives was in the company's pay. Amongst others Dr. Leyds accepted from it shares in the Gold Farms Syndicate yielding from £7,000 to £9,000 per annum, when the company were endeavouring to obtain an extension of the time in which they were allowed to build their factory. Then, after it was finished, he had a share in the Dynamite Agency valued at £3,000 for his services. The accountant's report showed that 20,000 soft-nosed expanding bullets exported by Nobel in September 1899 were sold by the Dynamite Agency to the late government in May last. The Commission has completed its inquiries in South Africa and will sit to take evidence in London in December.

It has been claimed as a masterly trait of the Anglo-German Agreement that it was exceedingly difficult for any Power to dissent without avowing designs which all have disavowed. The point of view of the respective Chancelleries must be judged from the tone, accordingly, rather than from the actual wording of their replies. That of the United States is, as might be expected, cordial; as the Power which first invited an expression of opinion in favour of the open door, it could not but express "full sympathy" with the principle stated in another form. France says that "the views expressed in the agreement represent those held and expressed in her reply to the United States' note, while the integrity of China has been from the outset a point upon which France has expressed her opinion in very clear language." Neither has Japan naturally had any difficulty in expressing her adhesion, as is in terms.

The Russian Government has committed itself to unqualified declarations against annexation; but it would be idle to deny that the bearing of its officials in North China and the unofficial utterances of its press are hardly consistent with the declarations of the Tsar. The point upon which most stress continues to be laid in Germany is, curiously, the Yangtze Valley, as though England were likely to depart from her traditional policy of keeping open the door to all in a part of the



world where the maxim has been insisted on with peculiar stress. How precisely we stand in regard to the Yangtze region, no one seems to be very clear; but it is perfectly certain that if the declarations in favour of integrity come to naught, and "spheres of influence" regain the field, the chance of England trying to impose differential duties on the Yangtze trade, as it has been suggested she might otherwise have done, is the most chimerical that could possibly have been conceived.

Sir Robert Hart's article in the "Fortnightly Review" will rank with Dr. Morrison's descriptive letters as material for history. There are differences, naturally, in the point of view; and Sir Robert's implication that the capture of the Taku Forts imperilled the Legations is being seized on by some who contend that "there need have been none of the present trouble; that with proper tact and forethought the Legations might have been brought in perfect safety to Tien-tsin by their small guard, early in June." We have already expressed our own view that possession of the forts was necessary to prevent the isolation both of Peking and Tien-tsin. As to the attitude of the Chinese soldiery, it may be noted that the Japanese Secretary of Legation was killed by Tung Fuh-siang's men on the 11th June, whereas the Taku Forts were not taken till the 17th; and as to that of the Boxers we may refer to Dr. Morrison's description of the burning of cathedrals and mission buildings and the massacres of native Christians in Peking on the 12th.

The tremendous strain of the Peking siege has been telling its tale on the truly heroic defenders of the Legations. It is always so; men, and certainly not less women, will bear up and perform prodigies while the need to perform prodigies exists, but it is just when the actual strain is removed, when the tension is relaxed, that men's nerves do not recover but collapse. The staff of the British Legation stood the stress of siege marvellously, but early in September most of them were on the sick list. Typhoid, malarial fever, and inflammation of the brain made their appearance, and some of the cases are critical. It is very striking, this synchronism of the collapse of the different members of the staff with the end of the long strain of the siege lasting from 4.30 P.M. on 20 June to 6 P.M. on 14 August, in some cases almost to the hour. Happily Sir Claude Macdonald's health kept up after the siege as through it. His buoyant temperament was a very real factor in the defence.

So little is there to choose between the electoral methods of Republicans and Democrats that we see no occasion to waste indignation over Boss Croker's incitement to riot, at least in any zeal over purity of election. What Mr. Croker says is: the Republicans will fight fraudulently; our men must stand at the polling places and count our known supporters; if the returns do not tally with our count, we shall know those rascals of returning officers have tampered with the votes. We should do this ourselves if it were our turn. However, Republicans tolerate fraud more readily than violence, and Mr. Croker is condemned first because of the objection against riots per se; secondly, because they would be of no use since the Republicans are bound to have a majority in New York State of some one hundred thousand. It might also be said that the Republicans have no need to use fraud; but election forecasts are extremely doubtful, and therefore either party may do either of the things which they are charged with intending to do. If Mr. Croker uses intimidation in the districts where he is weak, no doubt the Republican officials will cheat the Democrats where the latter are strong; and thus the voice of the sovereign people will be heard through an ingenious though rather roundabout compromise.

When three thousand Frenchmen, whether they call themselves Socialists or not, meet together to receive a deputation of Englishmen, who wish to impress upon them the fact that the English people have no hostility towards France, it must be agreed that the occasion calls for unstinted sympathy. But the signatories of

the address, which included most of our leaders of trades unions, narrowed too much its scope by endeavouring to show the Frenchmen that it is mostly they, the English working-men, who cherish pacific feelings and desire the friendship of the two nations. Most people—the capitalists they are termed—desire to live in a condition of perpetual hostility towards France. There is something extremely disingenuous in this. They themselves assert that the prosperity of the working classes depends on peaceful industrial relations with France. How is it otherwise with the prosperity of the "capitalists"? Would war with France make their fortunes? It is sheer nonsense to separate the supposed feelings and opinions of working-men from those of the body of the nation. They form a very considerable portion of the nation and to represent themselves as being full of overflowing love towards France, while an unscrupulous capitalist press will persist in inflaming popular passion, is to describe one section of their countrymen as odious and themselves as contemptible.

An important ecclesiastical event has taken place in Scotland during this week. There is one church the less. The Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church have done what they have been talking about for years and have joined their forces into one great organisation which will in future, if it holds together as to which there is some doubt, be known as the United Free Church. If this short statement does not explain the position at a glance it would be useless to attempt to make it clearer by any brief exposition of a complicated history of religious controversy, chiefly relating to the lawfulness or otherwise of an established church, which goes back as far as the early years of the eighteenth century. Unless one at least knows that the Free Church of Dr. Chalmers was founded in 1843 with an express declaration that it maintained the principle of a State Church as vital, but resented the exercise of a right of patronage except subject to the veto of the presbyteries, he will hardly appreciate the significance of its union with the United Presbyterian Church whose fundamental principle is that of anathema against State Churches.

Old constitutional Free Churchmen like the late Dr. Begg always maintained that it was treason to the Church of Christ to join a voluntary church whose main tenet is the disestablishment of the State Church. They formed a powerful party which resisted the movement for years, but it has at length been sapped and undermined by that able negotiator and diplomatist Dr. Rainey. Twenty years ago the opponents of union triumphed by a threat of claiming their right to the property of the church as the true representative of the principles on which it had been founded. The same threat is heard to-day, but it is only a feeble minority that utters it; and an interesting question is whether any legal steps will be taken to test the validity of the contention. If so, one of the most important and exciting law suits that Scotland has seen for a long time will be instituted. To those who know something of Scottish ecclesiastical life it does not appear that the union will strengthen the disestablishment agitation. It is likely that a period of confusion will follow the union, in which the aggressiveness of the irreconcilable disestablishers will alienate the more moderate former members of the Free Church. The general drift is either towards the State Church or the Episcopalian and it is extremely likely that both these churches will ultimately benefit.

Different people will have different opinions as to what is the most interesting news that has appeared in the newspapers during the week, but they who have ever known anything of Greek or Roman literature will fix on the report of the meeting of the subscribers to the British school at Athens and the long letter of Messrs. Evans and Hogarth on the work of the school in Wednesday's papers. The story of the excavations in Crete reads like a romance. It is even more; it is the transformation into historic fact of much that the pride of modern scholarship had treated as fable and the "higher criticism" had scorned. Who that did not know of the excavations of that now famous prehistoric palace

at Kephala would dream that the fable of the Dædalian labyrinth and the legend of the Minotaur are now provided with an historical basis and a local habitation through the discoveries in the "House of Minos"?

The nature and extent of those discoveries cannot be indicated here but the effect of them is "to throw an entirely new light on the first development of high art, the origin of letters, the early religion and ethnography of the Greek lands, the most ancient connexions between Europe and Egypt." A noble rivalry, wherein the honour of their respective nations is felt to be concerned, is animating the scholars of Europe. Their governments are contributing far more munificently than has the British Government; and if the strong lead that the British scholars have been so fortunate as to acquire is to be maintained it will have to be by the subscriptions of private persons to whom these high matters appeal. The British Government has consented to put a sum of £500 a year for five years on the Estimates. It is quite scandalous that only £500 have been privately subscribed, while five-sixths of the expenses were met by one of the explorers. Subscriptions are being invited to raise a sum of £3,000, and we have pleasure in mentioning that they may be paid to Mr. George Macmillan, the hon. treasurer, St. Martin's Street, London, W.C., or to the account of "The Cretan Exploration Fund" at Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.

Professor Max Müller, who died on Sunday at Oxford, had by a residence in England of over fifty years become more closely identified with English life and scholarship than with that of Germany. Oriental scholarship is not precisely a popular subject, but Professor Max Müller discovered a phase of it which attracted the attention of the large number of readers of all classes who delight in subjects, treated not too learnedly, that throw light on the origin and growth of religious ideas and the influence they have had on national life. His descriptions of the early Indian religions, and his translations of the Hindu hymns have delighted thousands to whom the Sanskrit would otherwise have been a sealed source of knowledge. His views of mythology, though they have not stood the test of learned criticism, invested with the charm of poetry much that was jejune and savourless in the old myths of the school books. Much of this literary work of the Professor was related to the religious controversies associated with the doctrine of evolution, on whose biological side the late Professor Huxley had founded a school of popular exposition. Both men had the gift of vivacious writing, and they both appealed to an intellectual curiosity which called for and gave rise to a new kind of literature; both branches of it good and one a desirable corrective of the other.

With the exception of some active dealings in the American market the past week on the Stock Exchange has been, as usual, one of gloom. American operators took advantage of Thursday's holiday in London to mark prices down in New York; but buyers on this side were not to be discouraged and on Friday morning prices were considerably above parity. The South African market continues to wait upon Lords Roberts and Kitchener in a state of dull desperation, Rand Mines having gradually slid during the week from 40½ to 39½. The Westralian market was decidedly flat on Friday morning for no discoverable reason except possibly the existence of a weak bull account. Lake Views fell to 11½, Golden Horseshoes to 9½ and Ivanhoe 9½. Everything comes to him who waits, and the bondholders in the Delagoa Bay railway will be glad to learn that one of Lord Salisbury's last acts as Foreign Secretary was to approve the scheme for the distribution of the award, so that Messrs. Glyn Mills ought shortly to be in a position to pay off the bonds that have been deposited with them. Brighton A have fallen from 133 to 128; otherwise the Home Railway market has been featureless. The same remark applies to all gilt-edged securities. Consols were yesterday carried over at the unusually high rate of 4½ per cent., and closed practically unchanged on the week at 98½.

#### THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY.

TO say, as Lord Kimberley said at Wymondham on Wednesday, "that the two offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary should not be in the same hands" is to use the language of inaccuracy. There is no such office as that of Prime Minister, which, alternately with Premier, is merely the title given by custom to the chief of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister always occupies some other post or office in the Cabinet, which he generally chooses with a view to escaping from departmental duties. Several Prime Ministers have been Chancellors of the Exchequer, for, strange as it may appear to the outsider, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has next to no departmental duties, and with the proposal and passage of the Budget his task for the year begins and ends. Perceval, Canning, Peel, and Gladstone all occupied the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the administrations of which they were Prime Ministers. But from the time of the younger Pitt's accession to office in 1783, the Prime Minister has generally selected for himself the post of First Lord of the Treasury, who has even less departmental work than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the enormous business of the Treasury is done by the permanent officials, who are, to all intents and purposes, "My Lords." Lord Salisbury is the only Prime Minister during this century who has acted as his own Foreign Secretary, an office which he accepted in 1885, in 1886, and in 1895. We yield to no one in our admiration of the skill and prudence with which Lord Salisbury has guided Great Britain through a period of unusual difficulty and anxiety in foreign affairs. We hate the boasting that is too prevalent just now: but it is the bare truth that Lord Salisbury occupies a perfectly unique position as Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. He enjoys a prestige on the Continent and at Washington, which is unshared by any other living statesman; and it is no exaggeration to say that his influence and his presence of mind have more than once in the last five years preserved the peace of the world. But when we have said all this, we cannot help endorsing Lord Kimberley's opinion (which he tells us was also that of Mr. Gladstone), that the Prime Minister ought not to be the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Even Lord Salisbury cannot get more than twelve, or let us say fifteen hours' work out of the twenty-four, and that is far too much for any man. The result has been, to speak plainly, that both the Government as a whole, and the Foreign Office as a department, have suffered from the attempt of a great statesman to do too much. Lord Salisbury's Governments have made mistakes in the House of Commons, which we do not think Lord Beaconsfield would have allowed them to make. Lord Salisbury has been obliged to leave the members of his Cabinet a little too much to themselves in framing the measures and conducting the affairs of their departments. At the same time the ordinary routine work of the Foreign Office, which is very voluminous, has often suffered serious delay from the difficulty of obtaining the Prime Minister's signature to comparatively unimportant documents. We rejoice to know that Lord Salisbury has at last decided to terminate this state of things by appointing the Marquis of Lansdowne to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. As Mr. Arthur Balfour is First Lord of the Treasury, and as it is desirable that the Leader of the House of Commons should not be hampered by the work of a department, Lord Salisbury has taken the office of Lord Privy Seal, which is purely titular, and has hitherto been held by Lord Cross. The Prime Minister will now be in a position to guide and guard our interests abroad as sedulously as before, but without being worried by the details of routine, while he will be better able to give the less experienced, or more impulsive, members of his Cabinet the benefit of his controlling wisdom.

We did not expect that Lord Lansdowne's appointment would be received by the country with anything like enthusiasm. Opinions may differ as to whether at this particular moment the War Office or the Foreign Office is the more important department: but nobody could be found to dissent from the proposition that the War Office and the Foreign Office are the two most



important departments of State just now, the two offices that it is supremely important should be managed by the two best men available. And this is the moment chosen, exclaims our omniscient friend in the street, to transplant the man who has failed at the War Office to the head of the Foreign Office! The argument is both unjust and unsound; unjust because it assumes that Lord Lansdowne has failed at the War Office; unsound, because it infers from this assumption that he will therefore fail at the Foreign Office. We have not been slow to criticise Lord Lansdowne as Secretary of State for War; but for that very reason we are the more ready to admit that we do not yet know the whole truth, and that we wrote under the feelings inseparable from a state of war. The nation has yet to learn how far, if at all, Lord Lansdowne is responsible for the miscalculations and blunders of the South African war. What were the actual relations between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley? Is it true that the Secretary of State for War took important decisions without consulting, or even informing, the Commander-in-Chief? Did Lord Lansdowne ignore, or fail to appreciate, the information supplied to him by the Intelligence Department? Was there a shortage of ammunition stores or an inadequacy of ordnance? Until we know all these things it is unfair to pass a verdict of failure upon Lord Lansdowne's tenure of office. But let us grant, for the sake of argument, that Lord Lansdowne has been the worst War Minister that ever sat in Pall Mall: it by no means follows that he would be a bad Foreign Secretary. The management of a huge business department, seething with intrigues and personal rivalries and jobbery of all kinds, is a very different thing from writing despatches to foreign governments and exchanging views with ambassadors in Downing Street. We may assume without any disrespect to Lord Lansdowne that his education and career have not fitted him to be a good general manager of an establishment not unlike the Army and Navy Stores, or to have any very valuable views on guns or military training. But that is no reason why he should not succeed admirably in persuading the French or Russian ambassador to take a particular view of British policy in an international crisis. The more we consider Lord Lansdowne's appointment as Foreign Secretary the better we like it. We need not dwell upon Lord Lansdowne's social qualifications for the post: they are not unimportant, but they are obvious, and have been sufficiently extolled by the newspapers. It is of his intellectual and moral qualifications that we are thinking. Lord Lansdowne speaks French as few Englishmen speak it. His manner, cold and hesitating and rather repellent in public, is in personal intercourse quite charming. What is most wanted at present in our dealings with other nations is a policy of reassurance, of conciliation. We know of no statesman who is better fitted or more likely to produce that kind of impression upon our neighbours than Lord Lansdowne. The one powerful country with which British relations are most persistently uneasy, and from time to time critical, is France. Lord Lansdowne has French connexions, and we cannot think of anyone within Lord Salisbury's range of choice who will be more acceptable to the French nation, and will have a better opportunity of restoring a good understanding between the two peoples. They make a great mistake who put Lord Lansdowne down as intellectually a negligible quantity. The late Master of Balliol judged young men as shrewdly as a trainer does his yearlings. Jowett took a great deal of pains with Lord Lansdowne, as his correspondence shows, and he would never have wasted his time on a mediocrity. Lord Lansdowne is an able, conscientious, and industrious man, who after ruling Canada and India with success was unlucky enough to light upon the War Office at the moment when the incompetence of generations was put to the test. He has been tactfully translated by Lord Salisbury to a sphere where, if we are not mistaken, his ability, character, and experience will find an ample and congenial field for their exercise.

#### REPUBLICAN LIBERTY.

THE Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry has never proved itself a combination of politicians likely to excite enthusiasm but it has shown at times some astuteness. If the most commonplace opportunism be a virtue in statesmen then the French Premier and his colleagues stand high in the category of rulers. They may at least be credited with steering France into the Exhibition period without a catastrophe. This must be set down to their credit, but their plan of shelving the *Affaire Dreyfus* will not be accepted by the philosophic historian, nor, indeed, by the ordinary man who loves justice, as a solution in any way satisfactory of a scandalous problem. However, they did secure tranquillity for a time, and the same amount of congratulation may be paid them as is the due of a practitioner who, if his diagnosis is not of the first order, gives his patient some needful repose by administering an opiate without fatal results. The time is now rapidly at hand when the sufferer is showing signs of awakening from her political lethargy, and, if the physician cannot grapple at once with the malady itself, we may safely assume that he will be sent packing and possibly some other called in whose whole scheme of treatment may be radically different.

With this prospect ahead M. Waldeck-Rousseau has found it necessary to adopt a strong and definite line in accordance with what he calls with delicious irony "*notre goût pour l'idéal*." Vague opportunism will not meet the impending crisis, something must be done to keep together the motley array of followers who enlisted under his banner when the principal cause in view was to ensure the success of the Exhibition. Now that much financial distress is likely to ensue from that enterprise the present Government, and even the Republic, may find a serious defection in the ranks unless they are rallied by some battle-cry which shall lead to "*Republican Concentration*." It came on Sunday last and what it lacks in novelty it gains in simplicity. After throwing a sop to the Moderates in a repudiation of the Socialists and another to the latter in the form of a succession duty and a vague promise of old-age pensions, we have the grand order of battle which is to bring together the whole force of French Radicalism and that is the ever stale, but ever attractive, appeal to the anti-Clerical spirit. Such appeals form the stock-in-trade of most Radical orators, but never, perhaps, has a responsible statesman held out to his followers so attractive a prospect of spoliation and persecution. Certainly a policy of plunder and proscription has never been so deliberately laid down as a political programme for a parliamentary party. To give M. Waldeck-Rousseau the credit due to him he has permitted no doubt as to the issue at stake and, when the Chamber meet, France will find herself thrust into an Armageddon between Clericalism and its opponents, or religion and her persecutors, whichever phrase may be preferred. The Church will be fighting for her liberty and in this case it is probable that many in France who do not love Clericalism but still look upon the Republican motto as something more than a name may be found on her side; at least to the unbiassed mind it appears that they should be.

The proposals of the Government are two. The first is to suppress the religious orders and appropriate their property. Though details are withheld, this is undoubtedly the intention of the Government. The property in question amounts to £40,000,000, possibly more, and it is composed of gifts made to these institutions during recent years; and in spite of M. Rousseau's clumsy tribute to the secular clergy, the orders in question contain the best clerical minds in France. There is not therefore the excuse which the champion of disendowment has in England, that the intention of the original donors may be thwarted under the present conditions. The donors in this case undoubtedly knew what they were doing. The truth of course is that the Republic believes that the existence of certain societies may, or does, prove inimical to its own stability and therefore demands powers from the country to suppress these associations by force and seize their goods. This, we are informed, is not a case where the conspiracy, real or supposed, is capable of proof; on a surmise or conviction in their own minds

the Government are to be authorised to put in force these stupendous powers over the liberty and property of citizens. We do not suppose it will be contested that, if the Government could prove that a society had devoted its funds to prepare war against the State or to incite to crime, and the charge could be carried to conviction before a jury, the society might with justice be suppressed and despoiled. But the claim here is by no means so modest. The powers demanded will require no resort to the courts of law. Thomas Cromwell himself did not enjoy greater freedom in a career of violence. The Premier is good enough to point out in a glowing passage that there is one form of association through which alone the march of Democracy to its goal can be assured. This, we take it, is to reassure those working-men and others who also form societies and have funds that they will be safe from the devastating hand of the Republic, but who will feel safe under such a régime? and who can say that the day may not arrive when any association possessing considerable funds will be an object of distrust to the government in power and as such find its members dispersed and its funds appropriated? There is no limit in the application of a policy of persecution.

The second project in the development of this crusade against the Church is even more monstrously antagonistic to all ideas classed as liberal in communities where "liberty, equality, fraternity" are not adopted as the official motto of the State. It is briefly that henceforth the State should employ no one in its service who has not been educated in a Government school. This is euphemistically described by M. Waldeck-Rousseau as "exacting from them that absolute and elementary loyalty which does not permit them to repudiate its teaching and turn their backs on its schools." The result of such a decree as this in a country like France, where an official post is the object at which a vast proportion of the population aims, will be to work such havoc with freedom that it is incredible that any but a "republican" government could be found to propose it. Its first effect will be that no French parent who at any future time might wish his son to enter the Government service shall be at liberty to have him educated at a Church school. It is unnecessary to point out the narrowing influence such an education is likely to have on those whose whole career is already narrow enough. Official routine never tends to widen its victim's views, and a human being trained from childhood to be an official on official lines in an official school is likely to result in a monstrosity. But with this aspect of the question we are not much concerned. It is the scandalous insult offered to the most elementary principles of personal freedom against which we protest. Surely a century of high-handed violations of justice cannot have so dulled the political understanding of France that she also will not protest!

Perhaps quite as astonishing and deplorable as this proposal itself is the reception it has met with from some quarters in this country. It has been eulogised by many who howl with indignation when any attack upon Church schools is threatened here. It is the Roman Church that suffers; therefore the persecutors deserve no censure. That a whole population should be threatened with an odious tyranny in the matter of the education of their children is nothing to a certain class of Englishmen who boast much of their own freedom. Such an attitude of mind can be compared only to that of the politicians of the past who embraced the ferocious theories enunciated by the author of "Killing no Murder."

M. Waldeck-Rousseau claims that his proposals are "animated by the whole historic policy of France." We fear there is a certain element of truth in this cynical boast. Persecution has been the "animating" policy of most French rulers by whatever label they were known, but the engineer of "Republican concentration" seems determined to carry it to a point which earlier and less heroic statesmen never attained to save in the vortex of the Revolution. The very title he bestows on his Cabinet, "the Government of Republican Defence," has an ominous ring in the lips of the Premier; it is redolent of the revolutionary jargon.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has in fact adopted the theory enunciated by General Cavaignac that "the government which allows its principle to be discussed is a lost government." In what, we may ask, does such a Government differ from the Second Empire, save that France is now less tranquil at home and less considered abroad?

#### LORD ROSEBERY AND THE LONDON BOROUGHES.

LORD ROSEBERY'S blessing on the new London boroughs is well worth having. It is true he was not very enthusiastic either about the class of men who will be elected to serve as aldermen and councillors, or about the effect their work is likely to have in changing the conditions of London life. Evidently he is somewhat afraid that the new boroughs will be only old vestries writ large. Yet there is some satisfaction in finding, at any rate so far as his speech at the Holborn Town Hall is evidence of his real opinion, that he has no regrets for the discarded plan of a huge centralised London government by the County Council. That is a clear point in favour of the new municipalities, for if anyone were excusable for disparagement of a system which in some sort was put forward as a makeweight to the County Council it is Lord Rosebery, whose success in ruling over the factions of Spring Gardens was as conspicuous as his failure to quell the factions of his party at Westminster. It is matter for the deepest regret that we look in vain at the lists of candidates for the new boroughs, to discover any name that promises to be a centre of influence in any degree comparable to that of Lord Rosebery on the County Council. Whenever Lord Rosebery sighs for a dictator, as he is constantly doing, and as he did once more in presence of the Christian Social Union, we fancy he must be thinking of those bright days of his career when the still undimmed prestige of his brilliant fortune gathered round him a submissive suite of courtiers, whose submissiveness he concealed from himself and themselves by his charm of wit and humour, and a suavity of which the worst that can be said was that it was by no means free from the suspicion of cajolery. But how immensely useful all this combination of qualities was. It saved the Council from going to pieces, and from ridiculous situations in which its projects might have expired in laughter. Lord Rosebery at Spring Gardens, and Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham are after all not bad examples of the Dictator in municipal affairs; and we wish we could see any chance that from the crowd of new Borough Aldermen and Councillors, who seem woefully like the old crowd of Vestrymen, there would arise any wearer of the gold chain and purple with the ability to acquire and exercise a similar power.

What Lord Rosebery's fears are may be gathered from the set of questions he advised electors to put to the candidates; that the electors' fears are the same may be learned from any chance conversation that may be heard on the subject. The two questions that the candidate should answer are—first: Are you a builder, and, if so, where and what have you built; secondly: Are you an owner or interested in property in London, and, if so, where is that property? *Ex pede Herculem*; you may guess the quality of vestrydom, and what, unless a higher public spirit prevails amongst the electors, will be the quality of the new boroughs, from the single statement that the builder and owner of insanitary property have worked the vestries in their own sordid interests. The greatest question which is before all municipalities, not only in London but throughout the country, is the rebuilding and ornamentation of their towns, the clearing of their insanitary areas, and the spacious and healthy housing of all classes of their citizens. There has been amongst the classes above the manual workers an indifference on these questions springing partly from lack of taste, partly from ignorance of sanitation and the conditions of health, which led them to suppose that their withers at least were unwrung. But they are awaking to the fact that this is not merely a working-class question. They themselves are living in jerry-built houses that fall to pieces, with a plentiful lack of accommodation for which they have to pay exorbitant



rents, and in conditions of discomfort and restraint which must be endured by everyone but the possessor of an overflowing purse. Everyday life is in many respects becoming more disagreeable, and as the consciousness of this grows the greater hope there is that the appeal, which is now so often made to deaf ears, for a greater interest in local affairs will have an increasing effect. On the day Lord Rosebery was speaking, the Church Conference of the Deanery of St. Pancras published a manifesto urging the electors to vote only for men of public spirit and business capacity who have no private ends to serve. That is very well; but what is really required is, first of all that the electors themselves should realise that it is vain to expect such representatives unless they themselves are animated by public spirit, and that they have public interests about which they must exercise their business capacity if they are not to be thwarted. Except in a very narrow sense of politics, we are not so sure that the manifesto just mentioned is wise in saying that the electors should be independent of politics. Lord Rosebery called attention to a fact which is of the most satisfactory character; the increasing consciousness that such municipal questions as the thorough reorganisation of the sanitary conditions of our great towns have a most important bearing on the question of Imperial politics. One cannot be separated from the other. It is often said that if the people themselves were superior to their surroundings, the character of their surroundings would soon be changed. The answer is that there are some surroundings which, continued from day to day, from year to year, or from generation to generation, will disintegrate the finest of characters, and that in society as in private life the very conditions reduce the victims to helplessness. It is so easy for the rich man to exhort the poor man to struggle against the deterioration of grinding poverty! Lord Rosebery spoke both good humanity and good politics when he asked "What is an empire unless it is pillared on an Imperial race? And what are you doing, if you allow the Imperial race to be vitiated and poisoned in the dens of crime and horror in which too many of them are reared at this moment? Why if you are an Imperial race be an Imperial race indeed, so that you will not see these proud citizens of yours brought up in a manner, reared in a manner, which must inevitably lead to crime, disease, and death."

This housing question was practically the only topic of Lord Rosebery's speech, and he had one suggestion which goes very near to the root of the whole matter. Apparently he does not expect the new boroughs out of their own resources to do what is necessary; and he recommends a plan the merit of which is that it looks to Parliamentary action, to which resort will eventually have to be made, and its demerit, a sufficiently damning one, that it is absolutely impossible. He proposes that the new boroughs should meet, and agree with each other that the law against overcrowding should in each district be rigorously carried out. This would show the world thousands of people houseless, because the law says they must not overcrowd, and if they do not overcrowd they cannot get into a house at all. Then the question would, says Lord Rosebery, be raised in so concrete and crying a shape that neither Parliament nor ministers could afford to ignore it. Though Lord Rosebery disclaims belonging to any of the variegated schools of socialism, he has at least got hold of one idea of the action of the State about which he need be in no fear of the school from which it comes. It is in this direction that we have contended in this Review that the solution of the problem will be found; though we never conceived, as a preliminary, such a monstrous object lesson to Government as Lord Rosebery proposes. In one respect the creation of the new boroughs will raise fresh difficulties in regard to housing. If there were only one central authority for London the exercise of the powers of purchasing land outside their areas, which were last session conferred on local authorities, would be easier than it will be when there are now so many competitors. There will be no end to the confusion that will arise if each borough attempts to exercise those powers on its own behalf; and it may be hoped the attempt will not be made. Amongst so many competing authorities, to

which the County Council must be added, the whole matter might suffer a paralysis; and either a general understanding would have to be made between them or again, as a last resource, we see the possibility that nothing but the direct action of the Government would ultimately be effective.

#### ENGLISH RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

WHAT is the moral to be drawn from the facts and figures contained in the series of articles on English Railway Development which came to an end in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW? The question acquires actuality from the representations made by the deputation of a long-suffering community which waited on the directors of the South-Eastern and Chatham line on Wednesday. The complaints of Kent and Sussex are merely variants on those too frequently preferred by other counties against the great railways of England. The most complacent of patriots cannot contemplate the English railway system, as a whole, with pride or satisfaction. In spite of some excellent features, the best of English railways can no longer claim equality with the systems of countries from which quite recently it was considered impossible that any good thing in a railway sense could come. The trader who cannot get his goods delivered a few miles away without a delay of days, or even weeks; the passenger who finds his business disorganised by the hopeless unpunctuality day after day of the trains upon which he is forced to depend; the labourer who considers himself the overworked and underpaid slave of grasping and unscrupulous capital; the proprietor, too often unfortunately a trustee, who scanning the Stock Exchange column of his daily paper sees the value of his security crumbling away; and, we may safely assume, the railway official who finds his table morning after morning littered with complaints which he knows to be well founded, but caused by that which he feels himself powerless to remove—all are agreed that something somewhere in the railway organisation is wanting. To find a remedy is quite another matter. As befits a populous country like England we are still to the fore in the number of our fairly fast passenger trains, but, except perhaps in the handling on some lines of the express goods traffic, there is not now a single other point of superiority which we can claim over other nations. A quarter of a century ago the English Midland Railway was unquestionably the most comfortable in the world, just as fifteen years ago the Great Northern was unquestionably the fastest; to-day, though we still hold our own in the matter of safety, thanks to the constant supervision of the Board of Trade, in each of the other cardinal virtues of speed, punctuality, cheapness, and comfort, we have lost our premier position. In the matter of safety we are only free from the dangers that may result from the use of imperfect appliances in the actual movement of the train, and are still, except in corridor trains, as much at the mercy of our fellow-travellers as we were in the almost mediæval days when Mr. Gold was murdered on the Brighton line. Only eleven years ago Mr. Ackworth was able, in his work on the subject, to speak with good-natured contempt of foreign efforts to rival even our most inferior lines; and a book published about the same time dealing with all the express trains then in existence showed that one, and that by no means the largest, of our companies could boast of more really good trains than all other nations put together. Curiously enough the first impulse to the great improvement in foreign railways, which has come about since that date, seems to have been given by the race from London to Edinburgh in 1888. That event started the other countries on the path of reform, along which they have since travelled so far and so fast that in some instances the advances made in the interval by English lines are in danger of being overlooked altogether.

In his business affairs the average Briton is at any time a conservative creature, and when his natural tendencies in that direction are strengthened by the feeling that for two generations his country has been unquestionably ahead of all competitors, there is apt to be a contemptuous disregard of improvements coming.

into use elsewhere. That was the case with the railways. In North America it has been the universal custom from the earliest times to fit what is known as a bogie truck to all forms of railway rolling stock, and the practice has spread very largely in other countries. At the present time all the great English companies use bogie locomotives for their express trains, but it was not until the year of the Diamond Jubilee that the most important of them felt it would be consistent with its dignity to follow the American idea. Further, when it became necessary to provide something more convenient for long journeys than carriages built on the old compartment system, it was open to the English lines to adopt cars with a passage down the centre on either the American or the Swiss plan. Naturally our railways would have nothing to say to either, and the result was the corridor train. The companies professed to believe that the public would avoid centre-passages cars and pointed to the non-success of the Pullmans in support of their statement, but as nineteen passengers out of twenty travel third-class, and the Pullmans were limited to first-class, the argument was absurd. More recently of course centre-passages cars have been introduced on the East Coast route to Scotland, and elsewhere, and have proved very popular. Similar short-sightedness marked the majority of our companies in dealing with the question of continuous brakes. It is impossible to deny that the American compressed-air system is gaining ground, and that except in England and on railways abroad which are under the control of Englishmen the vacuum is gradually disappearing. Whilst the American claims that his brake is the best in the world, the Englishman is content to reply that his own is good enough.

The deficiencies of English railways may too often be traced to insular and local prejudice. But prejudice is not alone responsible. The reformer is at once met by two great difficulties, want of money, and want of space. The remarkable improvement in the Brighton Company's services during Mr. Gooday's brief tenure of office proved conclusively that we do not always make the best use of such resources as are at our disposal, but with increasing traffic the most skilful general manager finds sooner or later that the limit of physical capacity has been reached, and then what is to be done? Every man's hand in England is against the company. The original opposition to railways, which arose largely from the unreasoning dislike of anything new, has even yet hardly died away, and their construction and maintenance in this country is, as it always has been, terribly expensive. Parliamentary expenses are almost prohibitive; landowners, local authorities, and the Board of Trade are constantly engaged in discovering who can deplete the company's funds most effectually; labour is continually making fresh demands which cannot be ignored; and the increased cost of fuel and other materials has for the time at least added to their difficulties. In the circumstances it cannot be wondered at that directors often hesitate to spend. If money were always forthcoming there remains the fact that our lines were laid out on too small a scale. It would be impossible to reconstruct the whole of our railways, and the utility of extensions will always be limited by the character of the lines already in existence. Thus handicapped, England must be beaten. No English visitor could walk round the railway annexe of the Paris Exhibition without a certain sense of humiliation. Beside the massive engines from America, Russia, and other countries, the largest and most powerful locomotives that would pass under English bridges must seem little more than toys.

But though it would be vain for us to attempt to emulate the best work of other countries, it by no means follows that there is nothing to be done. Whether we can reach the American standard or not, we can at least run much faster trains than we do now, as indeed we did a few years ago. Such services as that between London and Manchester or that by the South-Western route to Portsmouth are unworthy of any English company. One great and obvious source of waste should be removed, the constant employment of two engines on one train. The old days of slow and light trains have gone for ever, but several of our engineers have been unwilling to recognise the fact

and have hesitated too long about building locomotives suited to the changed conditions. Just as in the Navy there is a never-ending struggle between the armour and the gun, now one side now the other gaining a slight advantage, so in all countries there is a similar struggle going on between the engine and the train, in which in almost every case it would seem as if ultimately the train must win. But in England the engine has the advantage of the fact that the train must not be longer than the platform at which it is to stand, and consequently with such speeds as now prevail it is perfectly feasible to build locomotives that shall not be regularly and habitually overpowered. Most companies are tardily realising the importance of this question. In recent years some attempt has been made to provide an efficient method of warming our railway carriages, but branch-line trains are still generally dependent on the ancient hot-water tin. Our system of dealing with luggage is extraordinarily primitive, but as it appears to meet with the approval of the public the companies may justify its retention. On the other hand the communication cord still extensively in use has time after time failed to answer its purpose, and should have been abolished a generation ago. Lastly, the companies might without disadvantage to themselves revise the method—if it is a method—on which they issue return tickets. Confusion, as most of us know to our cost, is inevitable, and why the companies should put any limit to the ordinary return ticket is inconceivable. What can it matter to them whether they bring a passenger back at the end of a month or six months? The longer the ticket-holder remains away the longer the period during which they enjoy the use of the money he has paid on account of his return.

#### MARRIAGE AND UNSELFISHNESS.

WE are all for obeying the Bishops, as we have shown over and over again, but we do not take that obedience to include submission to the Bishops' wives. Mrs. Creighton has lately found in the conference of Women Workers an occasion to lecture young people, and though her words were addressed to women it is the men who seem more especially to have been aimed at, for their selfishness in not getting married. For Mrs. Creighton's abilities we have sincere respect, for her energy we have great admiration, while her opportunities for experience are so great that on any social subject no wise man will venture to ignore what she says. But we may point out that her annual charge to the Women Workers was not a judgment, it was merely an opinion and the evidence on which even that opinion could be based was not adduced. We should imagine that it was very provoking to unmarried folk to find their single estate thus sweepingly attributed to a moral defect in themselves. To one who would not marry if he could, because of an inclination for legitimate pursuits with which he could not combine matrimony, it can hardly be pleasant to be told he is therefore a Sybarite. But what of them who would be married if they could but cannot? How soothing to a lady, who for many years has waited patiently for the destined bridegroom to appear, to be charged with selfishness because she has waited in vain! How pleasing for a young man of a domestic turn of character, who refrains from marriage because he knows he would not have the means to give his wife a comfortable home to be called, of all things, selfish, because he does refrain! Then the really self-sacrificing unselfish hero is the man who plunges headlong into matrimony, taking his chance of what happens? He does not certainly give a thought to any curtailment of liberty marriage may impose upon him. He faces such restraint with the same cheerfulness that he contemplates the slavery to which he is condemning his unhappy bride. What other than slavery is the lot of a woman of refined breeding, condemned to keep up a house and bring up her children on means hardly sufficient for existence? And such cases are common enough. We should say that the action of such men was the arch type of selfishness. And such remarks as those of Mrs. Creighton, though of



course intended to have quite another effect, can but encourage these social scoundrels, for it will be easier for them to square their consciences by persuading themselves that to prefer the single estate would be selfish, to hesitate to meet the responsibilities of marriage cowardly; and whatever happens afterwards, they will believe they acted with the best of intentions. Indeed, their decision to marry was so profoundly moral that they have no compunction in accepting what assistance they can get from their relatives and friends, and they have no doubt that it is quite right that their wives should work themselves to the bone in the struggle with life. After all did he not give her the opportunity to enter the sublimely unselfish estate of matrimony?

Not less unfortunate is this canon of unselfishness when applied to the working classes. They have the utmost courage in taking upon them matrimonial responsibilities. They are uniformly unselfish in not hesitating to jeopardise their unmarried freedom. And this splendid unselfishness results in hunger, rags, low wages, high rents, overcrowding, crime, vice. The penalty of their unselfishness is truly visited on generations yet unborn. In the small and weakly East and South Londoner, in the sweated workwoman, in the prostitute, we have in its full significance the paradox of Mrs. Creighton's proposition. We are aware that in the scientific sense of certain social evolutionists these plunges into matrimony may yet be proved unselfish; unselfish, because they provide in plenty the low form of existence, the plasm of social life out of which the higher types may evolve. We are told by some social scientists that the moment you regulate life so that there shall not be too many mouths for the available food to feed well, too many to sleep for the available space to hold them comfortably and healthily, society is doomed. In that sense, selfishness may be predicated of those who hesitate to marry. But Huxley himself furnished the answer to any such contention, insisting that the ways of nature must not be taken as a model for the ways of man. Certainly no Christian could for a moment accept any such theory as a basis of social policy. And indeed no one does. However much a social evolutionist may be persuaded that without the competition produced by over-population de-population must ensue, he would never dare seriously to suggest that wholly improvident marriages should deliberately be encouraged.

But we are getting more serious than we meant to be. It was the lighter or just the irritating side of this theory of unselfishness that stirred us to write this article. There is something peculiarly provoking in the disposition that does not allow its owner to be happy unless he sees everybody like himself. There are people who the moment they have done a thing themselves want everyone else to do the same. How often that is the case with married women is notorious. There are thousands of women who seem unable to contemplate a man and a maid in any other light than as a possible man and wife. They want every boy and girl they see to marry. And the feeling grows on them until they come to regard it as a sign of moral depravity that such are not man and wife, and do not want to be. These people are a constant irritant to the unmarried. Really we ought to remember that, however happy we may be in the married estate, there are others who prefer to be single and are neither insane nor depraved.

And as to the unselfishness inherent in marriage, there is something almost humorous in the suggestion. For is there a step in the whole of life taken so entirely without regard to any person's feelings, opinions, or interests except to the parties concerned as that of marriage? If it is a marriage of convenience, it is for their convenience and not for that of anyone else. If it is a marriage of love, it is a commonplace of romance and reality alike that no one else counts at all in the matter. Is it not regarded as one of the triumphs of love that parents, brothers, sisters, friends, all, must (and do) stand aside? Suggest to any deeply enamoured betrothed that he (or still worse she) has other motives for getting married than delight in his fiancée, and you insult him! Nor may selfishness be got rid of by urging that it is love for the other, not for himself; for if you

suggest to either that the marriage is expedient or delightful or fortunate for the other party, he is indignant and declares that the gain is all on his side. So that the one type of marriage that is not selfish is that arranged by outside parties for the benefit of families or States, which is not, we imagine, at all what Mrs. Creighton meant.

#### SILVAN ECONOMY.\*

THAT "no man can serve two masters" has been accepted as a solemn truth for over nineteen hundred years. But it is in a difficulty of this kind that the unfortunate owner of woodlands finds himself placed and the more genuine his love of trees and his appreciation of the beauty of the woodlands—the greater his desire to hand down to his successors unimpaired at least—improved if possible—the beautiful possessions which he has inherited, so the difficulties he encounters will seem the more insurmountable. If he sets himself to study the best authors on forestry, beginning with the delightful book of Gilpin, who took the purely æsthetic view, and going on through the "Sylvia" of John Evelyn reads up to the latest standard work of Dr. Schlich, he will not only find differences in the views taken by these great authorities but will realise that in many cases their aims are very divergent and even opposed to one another. He will look at the great spreading oaks of his park or the stately beeches of his pleasure, each tree perhaps covering half an acre of ground—and he will read of "density" of culture being imperative—of limbs and branches being inadmissible—of a number of cubic feet to the acre incompatible with trees of the kind he glories in, and he will be inclined to say that he will have nothing to do with scientific forestry. But a recollection of the havoc played by the last gale or two among his beautiful but decaying giants gives him pause and another inspection of his woods shows him how parlous is their state. How little is being done to conserve, or to ensure that, when the trees which have given him so much pleasure during his life yield to the same inexorable law of Nature that governs his own existence and as their span of life comes to an end disappear from the scene, there shall be a young generation springing up full of promise of a beauty equal to that of the parent trees. And an hour or two in his agent's office among the woodland accounts will soon convince him that from the economic side of the question there is much to be desired.

In "Our Forests and Woodlands," Dr. Nisbet's contribution to the Haddon Hall Library, these conflicting problems are ably solved, and the landowner who takes up this volume may realise how a portion of his property which has never been of much account financially may be brought into a more satisfactory condition, while yet retaining its beauty and attractiveness. As Dr. Nisbet says "A Beauty of Utility can often quite easily be allied with beauty of form, for Forestry on business principles is not synonymous with the spoiling of silvan scenery. The shapely stem and the well-formed crown of branches and foliage of oak standards grown properly in copse woods are no less lovely in their own way than huge-limbed rugged trees which are allowed to spread their arms abroad and still to stand long after their maturity when their usefulness and their greatest profit as timber trees are already on the wane." And a page or two later he says "Churlish indeed would he be who could, wantonly, whether for his own profit or otherwise, remove the aged storm-battered oaks still flourishing here and there in the woods or at the edges of the forest as historical records: . . . but happily by natural regeneration of oak in copses and highwoods and sowing of acorns the old crops of timber can be renewed without the eye being offended by the rigid regularity of lines in plantations."

Here then is the case in a nutshell and a study of Dr. Nisbet's work will show how, by proceeding on the most ancient lines of forestry, the beautiful ancient trees can be retained, with some moderation as to

\* "Our Forests and Woodlands." By John Nisbet. Haddon Hall Library. London: Dent. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

"The New Forestry." By John Simpson. Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford. 1900.

number, while the youthful generation springs up round about them. And when once this system has been brought into due order and a proper rotation established, a regular income may be derived from the woods as punctual in its payment as the dividends at the bank, varying only with the inevitable fluctuations of the timber market.

The case in favour of economic forestry is very strong. Dr. Nisbet tells us that "our woods and forests now only aggregate about three million acres and are so inadequate for the supply of existing requirements in timber and other woodland produce that our imports under these heads amounted to the enormous sum of over twenty-five and a third million pounds sterling during 1899. . . . Making a liberal deduction for the value of labour included in these coniferous imports aggregating over twenty-one million pounds, the undeniable fact is laid bare that Britain annually pays, and principally to foreign countries, no less than between eighteen and nineteen million pounds sterling for pines and fir timber which could quite well be grown in Great Britain and Ireland. There are some sixteen million acres now practically unproductive available for this purpose, and if our existing woods and forests were managed on business principles and State encouragement were given for making large plantations under economical management, Britain might in the future be self-supporting as to all the coniferous wood required for building purposes."

These are very startling figures, but it is even more startling to turn to the New Forest—the largest woodland property in the country and in the possession of the State—and find that Parliament has in its wisdom enacted so recently as in 1877 that no enclosure for planting or protection (and without enclosure no planting can be successful on land traversed by thousands of cattle and ponies) can be exercised on any lands except such as have been previously enclosed and planted under certain Acts of Parliament. The oldest of these date back to 1698, and are consequently already covered by a crop of trees of no great age. Further we find that the whole quantity of land under enclosure shall never exceed sixteen thousand acres—sixteen thousand acres out of sixty-three thousand! of which two-thirds are barren unproductive waste! Verily Dr. Nisbet is right when he says that the attitude of the State has "hitherto been extremely unsympathetic in this respect." But the "apathy towards forestry shown in Great Britain" of which he complains is not so "impossible to understand" when one regards the policy pursued by the State itself, by far the largest woodland proprietor in the country, and the example it shows with regard to the finest silvan possession we can boast. Under the somewhat pretentious title of "The New Forestry" Mr. John Simpson gives us a work purporting to be a handy book on silviculture. The "novelty," however, of the forestry it sets forth lies rather in the author's acquaintanceship with the subject than in the woodland science expounded. The system is merely that which is followed in the German and French forests, which has only lately come under Mr. Simpson's observation but has been better and more fully brought to the public notice by the works of Dr. Schlich and Dr. Nisbet. Mr. Simpson, however, who appears to have been educated in a different school, is so enthusiastic in his recent conversion that he devotes a great portion of his book to the exposure of the fallacies of the older system and especially those of Mr. Brown whose book "The Forester" has long been deemed the standard work on this subject. Mr. Simpson rather misses the point here. He loses sight of the fact that for centuries past English and Continental forestry have been aiming at two different results, and each has attained its object with a skill equally creditable. The naval power of England and her determination to retain the command of the seas left its mark on forestry as on other matters. The service of the navy overrode all other considerations—the growth of oaks of large size—the largest possible—with the greatest possible number of limbs, as crooked as could be grown, was of paramount importance. What matter if a tree covered half an acre of ground on which twice the number of cubic feet of straight oaks of small dimensions might have been

produced under the Continental system? The latter represented but so many pence per foot for ordinary purposes, the former was essential for the purposes of the State and the salvation of the country. And when we read of such grand trees as the Gol-y-nos oak which itself alone furnished the timber for one frigate, we cannot deny that the old foresters and woodmen did their duty well by the country they lived in.

Continental forestry has had for the most part other aims. The first object was to provide fuel for the commune, the second to find timber for all economic purposes. This latter had not to be of large dimensions nor of great age—the former need be but small stuff and thinings worthless for other purposes—but the supply *must* be continuous and regular. The greatest quantity of oak or beech or fir per acre that could be crowded on to it was the object aimed at—size and maturity were of less account—hence arose the system, excellent in its way, which is now foisted upon us as a "New Forestry." That our naval demand for oak has ceased is true, and therefore there is no need to follow the old lines, and since the present requirements for timber in this country approximate—with the exception of the necessity for fuel—to those in force on the Continent, it is no doubt advisable that English forestry should now be better systematised and brought into line with the French and German methods—excellent for these purposes.

(To be continued.)

## THE ADMIRAL.

THERE is a personality about some men, which even if they never get the chance to excel, still makes them in themselves superior to their fellows. Sometimes a man who neither writes, nor speaks, nor has excelled in his profession, yet in himself excels. Such sort of men amongst their fellows are recognised, and seldom create jealousy, that is, of course, amongst those able to appreciate them, for the mere herd of clever men see no superiority but when hall-marked by success.

The man whose personality has haunted me from my youth up did not succeed, nor did he fail, for everywhere he went his great abilities were recognised, and man can want no more. His picture, as he sat in the Reform Parliament, dressed in a high-necked coat, a black silk stock enveloping his throat, his curly snow-white hair, in his youth so like a wig that a fopling of the day went into Truefit's and asked for a wig "of the same kind as those you make for Captain Elphinstone," hung in my bedroom. Born about 1773, he just remembered swords in general wear; and lived to finish "Pickwick." His wife a Spanish lady, whom he married when she was just fourteen and he was forty, long after he was dead, in speaking of him said: "He lived an active life, and to the last was young." Of such men is the kingdom of the earth. A midshipman between eleven and twelve, at four-and-twenty a post captain, a general in the Spanish army, friend of Bolívar and of Paez, and yet a welcome guest of Ferdinand the Seventh, he wanted but a Boswell to preserve his name. But it is best perhaps that a man who differed from the ordinary successful herd remain without a memoir; for soon a memoir and a knighthood will be entailed on everyone who rises to be a county councillor, and the few really distinguished men an age produces will die unwritten of, as they have lived misunderstood. Sometimes the lives of men whom one has never seen, but heard much talked of, seem more real than the lives we see around us, which, semi-vegetable and semi-human, appear unreal in their actual but unconvincing course.

So step by step from his tenth birthday in a ten-gun brig, to Waterloo, where after having danced at the famous ball the night before the fight, he saw the battle as a spectator, till I find him on the Peruvian coast in command of a two decker which would neither sail nor stay, I follow the footsteps of the man I never saw. Becoming bored with the frequency with which his old two decker missed stays, or perhaps wishing to make the Admiralty stare, he took her into



Talcahuano and cut her down to a frigate, and being called upon to pay for his experiment, retorted by writing for his pay, which since he entered as a midshipman he had never drawn, serving for nothing, either through carelessness, or some punctilio, or from not having called to mind the scriptural commercial apothegm that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Tradition says that "My Lords" were glad to compromise the matter, which, if it was the case, shows them more reasonable than usual, for compromise is as the soul of all administration, naval and military alike.

Beside his feats in naval construction, whilst on the western coast of South America, he had, as it appears, a pretty taste in equipage, leaving a curricule in Lima which long afterwards I heard a Peruvian talk of as "the strange carriage with a silver bar upon the horses' necks, left by the Milord-Captain who altered all the ships." From Lima, too, he first brought dahlias giving them to his friend Lord Holland, who, of course, figures as their introducer as befits a peer. But I forgive him, and may the glory still be his, as this same worthy peer repented, so to say, of all his errors, and with his friend who brought the dahlias drove in Hyde Park, with Spanish mules and muleteers, with, let us hope, their sashes filled with stones to throw at the leaders after the fashion of their prototypes in Spain.

Back again, married (his peace made with "My Lords"), having arrived in London the day before the Derby, and finding not a horse to be had for love or money, he hired an undertaker's team, and drove them down in state to the delight of all the road, and to the admiration of his wife who coming straight from Spain was taken with the team of long-tailed blacks, and thought their stately step and waving manes fit for the carriage of a prince. In fact they were so, for when a dead man passes down the street, stretched out so quiet in his hearse, he is a prince, having attained to the last pitch to which a man can come. Ideas of death and hearses did not, I think, much trouble him of whom I write, for as I take it he must have looked on life as everlasting, after the fashion of the strong and occupied, who pass their time so quickly that when Death comes they think his presence an intrusion, almost an error, but still smiling, take their way.

Married at forty (the ideal age), his hair quite white, not having turned so in a night or in some deadly climate, but as he told a lady "here in this town of London;" after an adventurous youth, during the course of which he carried off a Spanish nun, who died on board his ship during an action with a Sallee rover, he started for a second lease of life, and fresh adventures. Appointed admiral on the West Indian Station, he sailed, taking a favourite horse or two, and thirteen midshipmen on board his ship. Those were the days before the telegraph made admirals and generals the mere slaves of newspapers, of admiralities and war offices, and of the heterogeneous unintelligent expression of the folly of mankind that we call public opinion, and pretend to reverence, though each one in his heart reviles and laughs at it, not thinking that his individual folly is but a fraction of the universal folly of mankind.

In the West Indies, in those days, diplomacy seems to have been as much a part of an admiral's duty as manœuvring a fleet. Perhaps it is so still; but if it is, most probably the admiral has to pass some sort of humiliating fifth or sixth standard examination, and report himself by telegraph, before he makes a move. None of these things existed at the time of which I write; so I find the Admiral travelling quite unconcernedly in Venezuela, accompanied by his wife and child, his flag lieutenant, and a midshipman. At that time Paez and Bolivar, having expelled the Spaniards, after the fashion of true patriots, had come to loggerheads as to which of them should rule. In some mysterious way I find him established at Caracas as adviser and general mediator between the two. Then, friendship made, hands shaken, and Bolivar back at Bogota, he is hailed by Paez at a banquet as "el nuevo Nelson," a title to which he had no claim, and would in fact have repudiated with an oath, as he held Lord Cochrane as a much greater man than Nelson, with his common saying of "hate a Frenchman as the devil," his beautiful and vulgar mistress, and his perpetual good luck. A local poet at the banquet was ready with a complimen-

tary song, which after heralding the advent of the "New Nelson" to this "setentrion" soared into the empyrean with a chorus, "Viva, viva, viva Bolivar, viva el nuevo Nelson, recibiendo de Paez esta demostracion."

Who would not like to have received from Paez or Bolivar a "demostracion," and to have seen the siege of Maracaibo, the last place that the Spaniards held on tierra firme in America, and to have been a British admiral in partibus, before the days of steam?

After the banquet, which took place at 10 o'clock A.M., there came a bullfight, and the flag lieutenant either fired with emulation or with wine, after endeavouring in the "llanero" way to throw a bull down by the tail, fell from his horse himself, and remained prostrate in the middle of the ring. The bull advanced, smelt at him, and turned him over with its horn, he lying motionless in agony, then, like a bovine good Samaritan, passed by quite unconcernedly upon the other side. The people in their simple faith espied a Lutheran, and shouted "heretic, even the animals perceive his heresy." On such occasions the worst heresy may be preferred even to faith capable of removing mountains. Things being in solution at the time, it is extraordinary that the people of Caracas did not lay hands upon the Admiral, suddenly, and make a king of him; but the opportunity seems to have been lost. Either disgusted at their lack of apprehension, or being tardily recalled from home, he sailed, taking a veritable menagerie with him aboard his ship. As passengers he had two pacing ponies, a tapir, parrots, and peccaries, some boa-constrictors, and a small marvel of the animal creation, locally known as a "chirwiri," which used to eat off ladies' petticoats as they sat at meals, making them subjects for the sport of fools as they rose with their raiment shorn to the knees behind, like David's messengers. After an interregnum in his history, I find him at Gibraltar, where in the intervals of duty he became the founder of the Calpe Hunt, chasing a wolf through Almoraima with his hounds, and being first in at the death himself, by the veracious testimony of the "Gibraltar Guide."

At Malaga, upon a visit to the Governor of the town, the season Easter, and the times not being so much out of joint with ancient customs as in these modern days, the Governor took him to the port to free a criminal. As in its most relenting moods, justice must needs be at the best capricious, working its wonders after the fashion of the wind, just where it listeth, and according to no rules which reasonable men can claim to understand; the choice was made at random, so that the miserable men who in those days rowed in the galleys of the king must have passed agonies of expectation and suspense.

Turning towards the Admiral the Governor invited him to choose a man, and he quite in the manner of the man who at a venture drew a bow and had the luck to make a bull's-eye of a king said: "This is the man I choose." The man no doubt made his acknowledgments as best he could, and when despair had settled down again upon the nine and ninety poor "bezonians" left in their fetters and their misery, as the papers say in reports of parliamentary debates, the incident was closed. Neither the Admiral, nor the Governor, most probably thought of the affair again.

"Long live the King, give me your cloak," was a true saying in those days throughout the realms in which the King Ferdinand VII., of blessed memory, had been called by God to reign.

"Los siete Niños" they of Ecija, José Maria, and other rascals, whose pictures figure in startling coloured prints in many a faded Spanish almanac, done in the days when Spain was fashionable, made all the roads unsafe. Humourists in their way as were these merry men, stripping recalcitrant travellers to the skin, but always leaving them at least a newspaper with which to make their entry into the next town, they yet were perilous to meet, for not infrequently they fired a blunderbuss well charged with slugs, without a word, taking their chance whether the traveller was in a state to answer to their call to stop after the shot was fired.

Journeying towards Madrid, passing from "tierra de abajo," through the Sierra to Castile, the Admiral, with his wife and servants, all duly armed with blunderbusses, was one day upon the road. Between La Carolina and Almurad, the Vitches left well behind,

Venta de Cardenas not quite in sight, whilst the party toiled up the rocky road which, edged with ferns, and thicketed with smilax, leads to Los Organos, a troop of seven mounted men appeared upon the road. Terror assailed the travellers, their servants trembling till their blunderbusses almost fell from their hands, the Admiral no doubt cursing the day on which he started, and his wife, being young and lively, looking at the robbers half amused. The chief advanced, and greeting the Admiral with his hat in hand said "Admiral, these roads are dangerous, I and my followers have come to be your escort through the hills." Making perhaps what Spaniards call "*la risa del conejo*" the Admiral thanked him, feared to trespass on his kindness, said that no escort was required, and generally made that soft answer which those who are not strong enough to speak their mind resort to at a pinch. The day wore on, and still the chief rode chatting by their side, talking of many things; of those strange ships which the mad English were reported to have made, which run upon the water without sails; of the great London dark all the year, but light on Christmas day; of the mysterious crimes of Luther, who like an evil spirit in those days haunted uneducated Spaniards' minds, and generally giving his views upon the world and things at large, confirming what he said with proverbs, which he enunciated gravely as they were personal experiences of his own. Evening began to fall, and the red mud walls of Almuradiel appeared a league away; the storks' nests on the housetops of the town looking like clumps of bushes growing from the roofs, the "*norias*" creaking as the donkeys slowly walked round the elevated track, and the cracked pots revolving one by one, pouring their water down the irrigation rills, giving an Eastern air of peace and quietness, save for the jangling bells. Then suddenly the chief called to his men, who wheeled their horses round and cantered back along the road. Riding up close to the Admiral, he said "I am the man you took out of the galleys upon that Easter Day. I knew you at first sight, though you no doubt had long forgotten me. The road across the sierras is beset by petty thieves, mere peddling scoundrels, who had they met you, might have been troublesome. Whilst I was with you, and my men, you were safer than had the king's own guards escorted you. We are the seven of Ecija, and so . . . with God." He turned his horse, and galloped down the road after his fellows, and the Admiral saw him no more, but his wife used to relate the story to the last day of her life.

Even the lives of interesting men are not all spent in crossing the Despeñaperros, in meeting with the "*Siete Niños*," and in releasing criminals; so home commands, and the honours of a dockyard town at length descended on my personality. Needless to say "*My Lords*" at the Admiralty distrusted my admiral ambulant, as is befitting that the men who wear out acres of cloth on office stools, should look askance at men of genius. In the same way the self-same Lords distrusted and thwarted Lord Dundonald, perhaps the greatest sailor whom Britain ever has produced. They who have wit, and soon no microscope will have a lens sufficiently achromatic to detect their whereabouts, seem to be able to call forth wit in others, as steel strikes fire from flint, or as a witless person seems to render others dull. The solitary recorded witticism of a king is precious and in nowise should be lost, and so it may be fitting that I, unworthy, record the single instance in which our "*Sailor King*" William IV. was known to fall from the paths of regal seriousness, and condescend to nod. At a breakfast at the dockyard on the occasion of the launching of some ship, his Majesty having taken his poor disjunct, seeing the Admiral, and remarking that his hair was white, was pleased to say "Ha, Admiral, white at the main I see," those being days when admirals were of the red, the white, or blue, according to their rank. His Majesty did not, as he might well have done, on learning that the white hair was not surmounted by a white pennant, exclaim "Gad Zookers, this will never do, we hereupon promote thee," but, no doubt, the courtiers, if there were any on the spot, went into "*visibillio*" at the royal wit.

Portsmouth by nice degrees led up to Greenwich, and there again the Admiral and the King came into contact, but this time without wit. In those days, which now

seem almost coeval with Sir Walter Raleigh, so different they are from ours, on the occasion of a royal visit to the Nore, the midshipman who steered the barge which conveyed the King from the royal yacht to land was always promoted, for having had the fortune to be there. Most admirals naturally took some scion of nobility, some relative of their wife's mother, or in fact some youth who stood in not the smallest need of patronage. But in the flagship there was as fortune willed it an old mate, stricken in years, grey-headed, nurtured in misfortunes, a seaman if there were such, and who had seen, for five and twenty years, boy after boy pass over him whilst he remained a mate. Seated abaft the backboard of the Admiral's barge the mate must have appeared ridiculous enough; but the end sanctifies the means, so when the royal eye fell on the curious figure, seated in the stern, it twinkled, and the royal voice exclaimed "Eh what, eh Admiral, one of your damned jokes, well, well he looks a little old still to remain a mate."

The end of men like him whom I describe generally comes without much preparation. Death takes them as a mower cuts ripe hay, and leaves their contemporaries almost astounded by their sudden absence from their place.

After a life of happiness and work, grief fell upon him unprepared for it in his old age, and he not thinking it worth while to struggle, put out to sea at once, after a few days of a feverish cold, which was the name that people gave the influenza in those unsophisticated days.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### SMOOTH HISTORY.

THE outside onlooker is perpetually astonished by the respect that historians display for documents. They have learned to be sceptical about accumulations of second-hand gossip and speculation, but when these have been sternly sifted away and leave a residuum of statements to which the actors immediately engaged in an event have authentically put their hand, or statements about those actions made by credible eye-witnesses, this little residue, by its very meagreness and irreducibility, exercises a morbid fascination on the intelligence, and a man who has done the sifting regards such haphazard *points de repère* with a humble gravity which they may not deserve at all. They become the pieces of a puzzle which must be put together with these and no others, and the pieces may be gross misfits for the pattern of the original event, and the most important of all may be missing. This gravity about facts deepens as they take on the awe of distant times. Many of us have talked with veterans who fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The favourite puzzles as to what was in the mind of Wellington during that campaign, and what happened at critical moments in the fight, might conceivably be reset to-morrow by a new piece of evidence. But the collected and sifted evidence is already built up, like casual blocks of rubble, in a wall, into one pattern or another of solid history. Still more solid and solemn stand many queerly compacted patterns of events for which no living witness can now bring evidence.

If the historian, instead of losing himself in the professional fascination, were to think of any episode in the life of people known to him of whose inner workings he happens to have the secret, he would view his material with deep distrust. How ludicrous are the accounts given by witnesses close to, but not in the secret; how the most authentic-seeming letters and conversations go astray! The moment anything of importance happens, there is, for all manner of reasons, a conspiracy formed by those concerned to disguise the facts. At the time, while all the actors are still questionable, it is impossible to get at the truth; and afterwards the private confession of any one of them is suspect because it is an account free from the challenge of the rest. The more open the secret seems to become the more obstinately secret it grows.

The history of art has a tendency to be more gravely fantastic than any other. Even when we discard the tags of gossip that give it most colour, the documents that remain are so accidental and amorphous that the temptation to squeeze significance out of them is very



great. And there is a special kind of problem as to which everyone concerned would fain suggest a different answer, though modesty seals his mouth against direct speech, namely the secret of original departures and of the influence of one man upon another. In the end the evidence of works and dates is accepted as establishing the true chronology of influence; but anyone who has seen from within the development of a movement however small, knows how fallacious such evidence is. The ideas struck out in conversation, the suspended beginnings by one man that gave the motive for the work energetically carried through by another—all that disappears from the record of exhibitions.

We have had an example of these difficulties in the case of the Preraphaelite group. The history of this movement has been written more often than most histories, and with an air of exact distribution of the part due to each in the stock of ideas and practices that make up the bundle. But how these histories slip over the real joints and how liable they are to be brought up short by a disclaimer from a person who ought to know! Some of the actors were here till yesterday to be questioned; one is still living and will have the last word; but how little the intimates of these men, who have made the history, got out of them. Till the other day the accepted narrative revealed Rossetti in close association with his P.R.B.'s, and handing over to Millais a liberal loan of poetical feeling and inspiration in exchange for an example in technique. From Millais' tomb comes a gruff remark to the effect that he never saw much of Rossetti and did not much like him. Another history made Madox Brown the father of Preraphaelites—on the strength of a call from Rossetti; whereas all the picture evidence points to Brown, so far as he was Preraphaelite, having been the pupil of Mr. Holman Hunt and of Rossetti. Painters and critics were thick round them who watched the whole movement unroll, but of the real joints how much is left to secret and conjecture!

Another case has set me moralising on this subject. For a special purpose I have been trying to arrange the leading facts of the Impressionist movement, and once more, just at the critical period, the mist descends. Half a score of brilliant writers have smoothly explained how the whole movement linked itself out, for besides the painters who talked with Manet at the Café Guerbois there were writers present, and others have enjoyed their intimacy since. But precisely where the plot thickens we are told nothing. The story of each painter runs on, ignoring the others, and we can just guess from this that there is a Manet side and a Monet side in a debate which neither of those painters was himself likely to set going or encourage.

What I mean is this. The histories tempt us to divide the Impressionist movement into three periods, with two critical years, 1870 and 1886. The period up to 1870 may be called Manet, and culminates in Manet's *plein-air* picture *Le Jardin* of that year. From 1870 to 1886 stretches the *luministe* period which we may call Monet-Pissarro. In 1886 Seurat comes out with *La Grand-Jatte* and *pointillisme* begins its doubtful course. According to the histories, just before the war in 1870 Manet sat down one day in the garden of De Nittis and painted for the first time in the open air and in a fully open-air *gamme* of tones. After the war he continued this development in pictures like *Le Linge* and *Ches le Père Lathuille*. So the Manetist records. The Monetist records ignore this, and date the history of Impressionism proper with the return of Monet and Pissarro from London after the war, London, where they had studied Turner. Certainly a greater variety of illuminations and a change in notation and handling seem to date from that point. But the critical period that remains obscure is the Manet-Monet period from 1865 to 1870, when the open-air *gamme* with its cool shadows, high pitch and close values was introduced. I was startled last summer to find at M. Durand Ruel's a picture by Monet, dated 1866 (he exhibited first at the Salon in the previous year I believe) which is very *plein-airist* indeed. It is still in handling and quality a Manet, that is to say broad solid patches of rich paint; but the *gamme* is the new one. The subject is a picnic under trees. These have the cold green and cool shadows of afternoon sunlight, and the faces under-

neath the foliage are daringly noted in tones of green and violet nuance. This anticipates by four years *Le Jardin* of Manet. I have never seen a collection of Monet's work for the years 1865-70. but I think if it were arranged alongside of Manet's we should see the two paintings, the older and the newer, at grips, and see more exactly how the new emerged from the close association of these two men. There is another *Jardin* by Manet, shown at the Exhibition this year, that bears witness to the association; for the garden is Monet's, and the figures are Monet and his wife. For my part I love the equivoque at this moment between old and new—the freshness of tone that Manet found in the open, that he had already won in his indoor still-life painting (the *Pivoines* were shown in 1867), and with that freshness his tradition of a big design and large, beautiful paint. But Monet, who was to go his more specialist way later, seems to count for something in the change that made of the tenebrous Manet of earlier work the clear painter of 1870. The odd thing, which again demonstrates the difficulties of evidence, is that Zola, the panegyrist of Manet as early as 1866, describes his painting already at that date as if the *luministe* clearing up had taken place, so much do talk and tendency and the first step influence the eyes of a good observer. It may be added that a minor matter, which it ought to be possible to clear up, remains obscure: namely whether the nickname "Impressionist" dates from a phrase of Manet in his catalogue of 1867, or from the title, *Une Impression*, of Monet in a later exhibition.

I do not dwell upon this question because it is of immense importance to know who struck out an idea first. We take the works of art for what they are in the end, yield paternity of ideas to their master, and ignore the claims of all children of thought who did not win to life, while their heritage passed to others. I suggest rather that the neat and polished accounts in history cover a large unknown of transactions not only as between the surviving artists, but all manner of secondary figures who brought grist to the mill of genius. If we find it difficult to know what has happened among people we can touch with our hand, how much more difficult to be sure of the play of influences between a Giorgione and a Titian and all the circle of eager minds about them.

D. S. M.

#### YSAYE AS CONDUCTOR.

AFTER coming to England for several years and playing magnificently on his violin, Ysaye is at last beginning to be recognised there. If I had a file of the SATURDAY REVIEW by me, it would be easy to demonstrate the immense period during which the musical critic of that paper had alone held aloft the Ysaye banner; but as there is no file here I must hope to be distinguished presently as the only critic who did not appreciate the greatest violinist, living or perhaps dead, long before anyone else did. But after all it matters little or nothing who was first or who will be last: the main thing is that Ysaye has submitted himself to the judgment of the best musical brains in England, and has deliberately been placed amongst the finest masters of the instrument to which in that country he has hitherto confined himself. That is satisfactory, for England, my unmusical England, is the giver or the taker-away of Continental reputations. No foreign artist professes himself happy until he has damned us for the least artistic people on the globe; none is genuinely happy until we approve him. We have approved Ysaye as a fiddler; and presently we will have a chance of approving or not approving him as a player on another and a much more difficult instrument, the modern orchestra. Mr. Newman has already announced some Ysaye orchestral concerts which may possibly be things of the past before fate again makes me the prey of metropolitan fogs and concert-givers. Not to be behindhand, however, I have already taken the precaution of hearing Ysaye conduct at his own concerts in Brussels. It must be admitted that, at the first blush, the notion of Ysaye directing an orchestra was more amusing than anything else.

The odd figure of the man, the uncanny face, fantastically framed in carefully unkempt hair, the artist apparently immersed in, and solely occupied by, the love-labour of drawing wondrously beautiful and moving tones from his violin, and so interpreting masterpieces as they have not been interpreted to this generation, and, behind these, a curious, weird, rather repulsive personality, somewhat less than human, consisting entirely, it seemed, of a sense of beauty and a continuous fount of strange emotions—it was difficult with one's ancient impressions suddenly recalled to vivid life to picture Ysaye standing up before a band of alien souls—surely all other souls must seem alien, one thought, perhaps incomprehensible, to so distinctively coloured and aloof a soul!—and translating for us other men's thoughts and feelings. It was as difficult to imagine him separated from his violin as to imagine a singer separated from his voice. The violin was his voice and one could not possibly fancy him speaking without it.

Well, I have heard him speak without it. That he can rise as conductor to anything like the height to which he rises as violinist, that he is a really great director of the orchestra, is more than I care to assert at present. He is certainly a most interesting conductor. Unfortunately his programme the other day was not so interesting. It opened with a Funeral symphony by a Mr. Huberti, a professor in the Brussels Conservatoire; then Mr. Busoni played the G pianoforte concerto of Beethoven, and after that an organ toccata of Bach (arranged of course for the piano) and a Chopin Polonaise; and the function concluded with a Requiem by Mr. Gabriel Fauré for chorus, orchestra, organ, and soprano and baritone solo. The local papers have bantered Ysaye a good deal about his devising a concert appropriate to the approaching Day of the Dead; and I must own that it was depressingly funereal. The two longest items were not only funereal but downright bad music. It is curious that the Belgians and the French, like the Italians, refuse to learn that the muse has departed from their lands. There was a gorgeous Flemish school, centuries ago, and there have been French composers who were not altogether bad; but now in the "ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang" nothing can be heard save the rude scraping of parrots and jackdaws or the still less endurable hoarse, vehement, violent yawping of callow flutterers determined to be original and noisy from the outset. Of all the beginners those of whom I am least patient are the sentimental, over-forcible young men, young men who take amorous, sickly phrases, phrases that might be bad enough in the mouth of a Marguerite, and make them worse by giving them to the trumpets, trombones and tubas with a skirling accompaniment of strings and wood-wind. The late Mr. Lamoureux played us some specimens of the sort of music in London a few years since; and we were all very much pleased when he had finished. Just a shade more bearable is the music of Messrs. Huberti and Fauré. Of the twain Mr. Huberti is decidedly the more gifted musician. He takes his art seriously; and if he really has nothing to say, he thinks he has, and he tries to say it strongly and truly. Unluckily he protests too much, so much too much that in two minutes one perceives the shallowness of his utterance, the poverty of his inspiration. Amidst all the clatter of his Funeral symphony there was not a vestige of a marked, characteristic theme to be discerned; the phrases that did duty for themes were chiefly given to the brass; and the result made one think of a brilliant solo on the accordion or the concertina overheard when an amateur band is playing somewhere in the vicinity. For all I know it may have been composed before the Pathetic symphony of Tschaiowsky of which it is in parts oddly reminiscent. The moods which Tschaiowsky depicted and those which Mr. Huberti has attempted to depict are almost identical. But whereas in the Russian work all is definite and clear-cut, everything is muddled and disorderly in the Belgian work; and only the middle movement leaves any positive impression on one's mind. All the same, I prefer even such work to the Requiem of Mr. Fauré. Mr. Fauré has a fluent pen; he has a certain superficial mastery of his medium; he says what he has to say clearly,

quietly in what one might call a gentlemanly fashion; but he is never sincere. I cannot understand a man setting out to write a Requiem in a spirit of mere light-heartedness. In a spirit of exultant, triumphant religious faith, if you like; in a spirit of terror, remorse and self abasement like Mozart's when he wrote the greatest Requiem in the world; but not in a careless, bock-drinking, cigarette-smoking, holiday spirit. After all, no man is compelled to compose a Requiem. If Death and the Judgment mean nothing to him, if death is not a fascinating and awful puzzle to him, and if the contemplation of the human soul taking its tremendous journey abroad does not thrill his nerves and baffle his intellect, he had better stick to love-songs or comic operas. In a way Mr. Fauré has stuck to love-songs: that is, the quality of the music of this Requiem, like all Mr. Fauré's music, is feebly erotic; he seems to chant delicately to his Chloë in a churchyard amongst the piteous bones of the dead; and he has no feeling for the ludicrous horror of the situation. After a few minutes I grew heartily sick of the interminable sentimental whine of his tunes—the sentimental whine which so fetches weak-minded ladies in London and Parisian drawing-rooms—and after nearly an hour it drove me almost crazy. It is only fair to say that the thing was not at all well given. The orchestra was good, and Ysaye made wonderful use of the chorus; but the chorus consisted of a number of singularly poor voices attached to ladies and gentlemen who, like Charles Lamb, had "no ears." A soprano solo was sung by a lady who shall be nameless; she carried the carrying of her voice to such an extent that I became afflicted with nausea; and the quality of her voice reminded me of the noises I used to produce on a comb and a piece of paper when I was a small boy. The baritone soloist sang charmingly. The concert being given in a theatre—apparently Brussels is badly off in the matter of concert halls—unblessed by an organ, the American organ, the most horrible invention of the century, took its place, and helped to round off my sufferings beautifully.

Despite French and Belgian music the concert was very well worth attending for the G piano concerto of Beethoven, magnificently given by Busoni and Ysaye. It became a real symphony for piano and orchestra. The first movement was especially beautiful. From the lovely theme given out by the piano, and followed by the mysterious pianissimo response of the orchestra, to the cadenza there was no break in the continuity. Throughout the balance of tone was perfect. Busoni displayed astonishing self-abnegation; the piano made a continuous duet with the orchestra; it was not, as it generally is, a kitchen-maid playing prima donna and showing off with a great deal of clatter and very little music to the accompaniment of the band. But the thing was also a huge triumph for Ysaye. It was his one chance to show himself as a conductor of great music, and he made full use of it. The sweet, rich, satisfying blending of orchestra and piano, with nothing harsh or acrid, without even a note that offended the ear by disturbing the balance of sound—this was largely due to Ysaye. This perfect evenness never degenerated into flat tameness. The orchestral part had its distinctive life, its own emotion, thought and colour, as well as the piano. The themes were delivered with superb strength and clearness; and every passage was as perfectly phrased as if the hundred players had been the one little instrument under the conductor's chin. The mere combination of absolute accuracy and easy freedom showed the master. As I have said, I cannot pretend to know Ysaye's powers and limitations as a conductor. But it is certain that he will always be interesting. And he has the true conductor's gift. He leads his men on—he neither drives and forces, nor lets the music take its own course; he has his own conception of the music and he draws the orchestra after him, and the motion is smooth and powerful, unbroken by jerks; and it is only after he has finished and one has had time to reflect, that it is possible to observe the brilliant perfection of his achievement.

J. F. R.



## ENTER MR. FRANK HARRIS.

TO what shall I liken this entry? I need a staggering metaphor. Mr. Meredith, only he, could find one for me—one of those monstrous blossoms which he uproots from gardens so remote. His wit would fly off in quest, Puck-like, putting "a girdle round about the earth," and anon the far-fetched herb would be to hand. None but he could provide the necessary article. Inalienable is his genius for metaphors which, seeming, at first flash, merely far-fetched, are truly, as one sees a moment later, fitted with minute precision to their purposes. For ordinary occasions ordinary metaphors will serve. But now and again one envies Mr. Meredith his inspiration. Vainly I have quested, since the first night of "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," for a metaphor adequate. I return crestfallen. I can but offer to you the obvious old figure which I had rejected—the bull in the china-shop. This poor beast has been overworked so shamefully, for so many years, by so many drovers, that now, perhaps, he scarcely signifies a surprising and destructive energy. But he is all I can offer. Horns to the floor, hoofs in the air, tail a-whirl, the unkindly creature charges furiously hither and thither, and snap! crash! bang! into flying smithereens goes the crockery of dramatic laws and conventions, while the public lies quailing under the counter.

A noble, uncomfortable sight! Never did a dramatist play such havoc with what one is accustomed to hold sacred as does the author of what Mrs. Campbell has dared to produce at the Royalty Theatre. The first act of the play contains nothing relevant at all, except a few meagre hints of character to come. The curtain falls on a soliloquy in which these hints are recapitulated. A soliloquy is bad enough (to modern ears) even when it tells us something we did not know. But a soliloquy for the summing-up of our knowledge! Mr. Harris revels in such soliloquies. At the end of the second act, Mrs. Campbell is again explaining to us what we perfectly understand. Can it be that Mr. Harris has a sentiment for the rococo? No, obviously, he does but wish, in his wantonness, to wound us. He stands there, *ταρτηρὸν ὑποβλέψας*, determined to have his horns through all our sacred prejudices, be they ancient or modern. We have a modern prejudice against irrelevant comic servants in serious plays? "Very well then," snorts Mr. Harris, with an ominous glare in his eyes. And forthwith he throws into his second act a comic English cook, into his third act a comic Irish valet, into his fourth act a comic German waiter. We expect the great excitement of a play to be kept till we are near the end of the third act? Accordingly, Mr. Harris drops his climax plump into the middle of his second act. When a good, unhappily-married lady is loved by a good man, we expect that he, not she, shall press for the elopement? Accordingly, Mrs. Daventry presses for the elopement, quite of her own accord. When the good lover is told by his valet that the bad husband has arrived unexpectedly, and asks the lady to retire to an inner room till her husband shall have taken his leave, we expect some variation on the "screen scene"? Nothing of the sort, accordingly, happens. The husband, in due course, takes his leave. The lady emerges and resumes the thread of her discourse. When the runaway pair is living in guilty comfort at Monte Carlo, and the bad husband wishes to put a bullet through the head of his supplanter, we do not expect him to put the bullet through his own head? Of course not. So he proceeds to do it.

You will observe that the prejudices gored by Mr. Harris are of two kinds; some are technical, others psychological. Some of our technical prejudices he ought, I think, to have spared. There is a real and sound objection to soliloquies, for example: they are unnatural, they spoil illusion. Sometimes it must be very difficult for a dramatist to avoid them; but he must learn to overcome the difficulty whenever it occurs. To do so is an essential point in dramaturgy. I am no over-rater of technique. I would far rather see a play by an interesting man of letters who has not mastered the tricks of stage-craft than a play by a man who has done nothing else. I would willingly sacrifice the whole life-work of (say) Mr. Sydney Grundy for "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." I regret very much that the

tricks of stage-craft are so many and so difficult that many interesting men of letters are by them frightened away from dramaturgy. If modern drama were a loose and fluid form, like the Elizabethan drama, we should have a far finer class of playwrights. But the fact remains that modern drama is a very close and precise form, and that modern plays cannot be well written except with closeness and precision. These qualities can be acquired, through patient practice, by any man who has a natural sense of drama. No one who knows Mr. Harris as a writer of short stories (or, for that matter, as an editor) will deny his natural sense of drama. No one who has read "Elder Conklin" and other little perfect works will deny that he is a master in the exigent art of the *conte*. The *conte* has its peculiar, necessary tricks, its artistic conventions, as Mr. Harris would admit—tricks that must be acquired, conventions that are binding. I suggest to him that dramaturgy has some similar tricks and conventions. Let him not despise them. Let him not, when he writes his next play, go in for—especially not go out of his way to go in for—soliloquies. Let him eschew comic servants, who do but impede the action and set our emotions out of tune. (Let him imagine what would have been the effect of comic servants in "Elder Conklin"! ) Let him begin his play at the beginning of the first act, as strictly as he begins his every story at its first line. Let him postpone his great scene to the end of the third . . . no! my pen was running away with me. In putting his great scene into the middle of his second act, Mr. Harris has flouted a convention which is not essential to drama. He was quite right to flout it, and I applaud his courage. I do but regret that he did not go even further back, that it was not into the middle of his first act that he put his great scene. I call it the "great scene" because it is undoubtedly the most exciting. Taken by itself, it has all the appearance of a *scène-à-faire*. But, taken in relation to the rest of the play, it is merely a preparation, a means to an end. It is a circumstantial crisis, easily "led-up to," necessary in the production of certain psychological crises. It puts the two chief characters to the test, reveals them to each other and to us, and from it their future relations are evolved. Mrs. Daventry is a witness to the misbehaviour of her husband, and subsequently leaves him on account of it. In the meantime, she shields him from a scandal, and he is won over to her by the pride which makes her shield him, and by the pluck and resource with which she does it. On this scene the whole play hinges. And that fact is, by the way, the scene's justification against the furious onslaughts on its decency. That so stalwart a vexillary of public prudery as the critic of the "Daily Telegraph" should cry out against it, was, of course, quite inevitable. To him all things are impure. With him one does not argue. But Mr. Walkley, whose gay banner bears "common-sense" for its legend, has professed himself terribly shocked, and I cannot help asking why. If nothing came of the scene, if it were dragged in without any relevance to character, then, no doubt, we might be shocked to our hearts' content. But, as the scene is an integral part of a serious drama, we ought not to call attention to such blushes as may mantle to our cheeks at sight of a married man in a darkened room kissing a lady who is not his wife and locking the door of the room into which they have stolen. Such blushes may be creditable to us as men; but surely we ought not, as serious critics of serious art, to be proud of them. Pressed to a logical conclusion, Mr. Walkley would have to deny a dramatist's right to present, in any circumstances, or even to hint at, anything but the domestic virtues. That is a position from which he would certainly be averse. He must forgive me for calling attention to the momentary eclipse of his common-sense. Were not that orb so steadily radiant at other times, I should have said nothing.

The character of Mr. Daventry is admirably drawn. It sets Mr. Harris very far above the level of ordinary dramatists, and does much to atone for his faults in technique. I know no other stage-study of the apologetic "barbarian" that can match it. The man is not heartless, but merely heavy and unimaginative. All his faults spring from his circumstances and

his absolute lack of imagination. Having married a sensitive girl, he kills her ideals not because he would not respect them if he could understand them, but simply because they are unintelligible to him. She shrinks into herself, and he becomes bored. "You're looking a bit pasty, Hilda," he complains, "you ought to brisk about more." He turns with relief to an intelligible lady, one of his own type. His lips are eager for "*les verres épais du cabaret brutal*," some less brittle vessel. Under the shock of his wife's salvation of him from an unpleasant scene with the lady's husband, he veers heavily round. At first, he merely bursts out laughing. "By Jove, Hilda, how you scored! You scored all along the line!" But gradually the force of the incident penetrates his pachydermatous soul. His sluggish imagination is stirred at last. He conceives a canine admiration and adoration of his wife. Nothing can cure him of it. Her flight inflames it. He makes clumsy efforts to induce her to return to him. He cannot imagine how she can stand not being respectable. "You, of *all* women," he cries, unimaginative to the last. Told by her that she is quite happy with her lover and still hates the sight of her husband, and that she is going to have a child, he abandons his intention of shooting the lover. He shoots himself. The critics all exclaim that this is an unlikely action. It is not so. It is subtly right. He shoots himself because he cannot bear the idea that his wife should live with a man who is not her husband. By suicide he opens for her the way to matrimony. Stupid to the last, he regards that as her salvation. The good that has been aroused in him culminates in an act of blundering self-sacrifice. He dies from lack of imagination. His death is as characteristic of him as is his every other action. Mr. Harris is to be congratulated on a perfect essay in psychology. There are many other good things in the play. But the character of Daventry is the dominating feature of it, putting all the others into the shade. "Mr. Daventry" the play should have been called, simply.

Mr. Fred Kerr was perfect in the part. The heavy face, heavy gait, heavy voice of the "barbarian" were exactly rendered, and the heavy bad manners of one who, by accident of birth, had never had to defer to anyone, and who had not enough imagination, not enough sympathy, to make himself pleasant to anyone without definite reason for doing so. Mrs. Campbell, too, was very good as Mrs. Daventry. But she need not have been quite so *souffrante* at the beginning of the last act. Mrs. Daventry, being with the man whom she loved, ought to have effloresced a little. That, obviously, was the author's intention. Mrs. Campbell gave one the impression that Mrs. Daventry was as miserable as she had ever been. The moral was excellent, no doubt, for the audience; but aesthetically it was amiss. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, too, as the lover, need not have been quite so deeply sunk in melancholy calm. He might have managed a bright smile or two, now and again. He might have gesticulated, just a little. His immobility distressed me. Restraint is an admirable thing in acting, but it should not be the kind of restraint that is enforced by a strait-waistcoat. MAX.

#### POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

COMPARATIVELY few people recognise the very numerous ways in which life assurance may be applied for purposes of investment, or as a means of meeting particular needs. People are familiar enough with policies that provide a sum of money at death, and with endowment assurance that secures a payment on the attainment of a given age, or at death if previous. The advantages of annuities under certain circumstances are also recognised, but people in general have a very inadequate idea of the advantages to be derived from various other forms of life assurance and from the combination of familiar policies in unfamiliar ways. A few concrete instances will serve to show the possibilities that life assurance presents.

We were recently consulted by a professional man with a steadily increasing income who wished to provide £1,000 about eighteen years hence, and £2,000 at

death. It was desirable for the premium to be as low as possible to commence with; to increase gradually for the next twenty years; then to be as small as possible for the next five years, after which a substantial premium could be afforded, which should cease altogether when the age of sixty was reached. By taking three different policies this object was readily accomplished. Assurance for £3,000 was effected at a premium of £40 per annum for the first three years, £62 for the next five, and £100 for the next ten, at the end of which time £1,000 would be paid in cash, while should the assured die at any time within the eighteen years his estate would receive £3,000. From the nineteenth to the twenty-third year of assurance the premium for the assurance of £2,000 at death would be £28 a year, for the remaining ten years the annual premium would be £128 after which the payment of premiums would cease, and when death occurred the sum of £2,000 would be paid, together with accumulated bonuses. The combination of these three policies exactly met the requirements of the assurer, who had no idea that such an arrangement was possible.

Another case we recently met with was that of a man who wished to invest £1,000 for the benefit of an infant son. It was desired to have the £1,000 available in cash at the end of twenty years, for the father to receive a small return throughout the twenty years, and after the twenty years for the son to receive the £1,000 in cash, and the father to receive an increased income so long as he lived. By combining life assurance with an annuity it was found possible to arrange that £1,000 invested now secured the payment in cash of £1,000 at the end of twenty years, a payment to the father of £25 a year for twenty years, and thereafter a payment of over £70 a year so long as he lived. In other words the interest upon the £1,000 invested secured a return of 2½ per cent. for twenty years, and of 7 per cent. for the remainder of the father's life. The way in which this result was arrived at was that the £1,000 was employed to purchase an annuity, out of which the annual premiums on the policies were paid for twenty years; at the end of this time the payment of premiums ceased and the full amount of the annuity was receivable. In order to make this investment to the best advantage it was necessary to buy the annuity from one company, and to effect the assurance with another.

These are only two specimens of an unlimited number that might be given, but they serve to illustrate the great possibilities afforded by life assurance when wisely selected.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that the security afforded by well-established life offices is unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by any other security in the financial world. In times when gilt-edged securities yield lamentably low rates of interest it is worth the while of investors to turn their attention to the possibilities of life assurance. By its means they can obtain a good return from their investment in the form of an immediate income, accompanied by the most complete security. The income to be derived from such an investment may be uniform throughout, or may be small to commence with, and greatly increased later on. In short by careful selection the investment may be arranged so as to suit almost any circumstance, and should be accompanied by the satisfactory feeling that the return is lucrative, and the capital secure.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### SOCIALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In common with many lesser Fabianesque lights than himself, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's case seems to be that of the ignoring of distinctions, or in the language of philosophy the "confusion of categories." (I suppose I may use a philosophic vocabulary as Mr. Shaw has specially stipulated that I shall do the philosopher's cloak.) He persistently confuses (1) the distinction pointed out by me in my letter last week between *socialistic legislation* and *socialism*. (2) He ignores the presence within this concept *socialistic legis-*



lation of two sub-concepts, to wit such socialistic legislation as tends upwards to the heaven of real Social Democracy, and such as tends downward to the bottomless pit of Bismarckian bureaucracy and Fabian "expert" priggery. (3) He seems oblivious of the existence of the fallacy known by logicians as *a dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*.

I will, with your permission, deal with the last-mentioned point first, as the fallacy in question not merely pervades Mr. Shaw's letter, but also much writing of the Fabian school.

The old Radical or Democratic movement, dating mainly from that of the French Revolution, put forward certain demands, true, good and worthy of all acceptance. These demands have been some of them realised, some of them not. Those realised are the basis of our present liberties (such as they are, and what there are of them), and the realisation of those as yet unrealised or imperfectly realised is the *sine qua non* of all further solid advance of any kind whatever. But (and here we have the stone of stumbling and rock of offence which has precipitated our Fabian friends into fallacy) the old-fashioned Radical or Democrat, besides formulating his ideas in a crude unhistorical fashion, preached them with the *secundum quid* that once these ideas, these political reforms &c., were realised, perfect human bliss and the reign of the saints would have arrived. If he did not say this outright it was at least what he gave you to understand. Now apart from occasional criticisms as to the manner of his formulating his doctrines, it was solely against this pernicious *secundum quid* of the old Radical and not against the doctrines themselves that the Socialist polemic was and is directed. The doctrines themselves were and are accepted by the true Socialist equally with the Radical as axiomatic postulates having *never* by any Socialist (i.e. Social-Democratic) leader been refused adhesion, let alone attacked, *in principle*. Our Fabian school however must needs perversely assume that the principle itself is abandoned.

The implication that Mr. Shaw puts upon the respective presidential addresses of Marx and Odger for the old International, as though Marx were *less* of a Republican than Odger (!) is so funny, that I am fain to regard it as a deliberate piece of Shawesque humour. As for the story about Hyndman at the inaugural meeting of the Democratic Federation refusing a Republican resolution, Mr. Shaw forgets that at that time neither was Hyndman a declared Socialist nor was the Democratic Federation founded as a socialist body—so that whether this piece of tactics was good or bad, politically moral or immoral, it has at least no bearing on the present discussion. As soon as the Democratic Federation became the *Social Democratic Federation* it nailed its colours to the mast and boldly proclaimed itself Republican (see political programme, S.D.F.). Only two or three years ago the president of the German Soc. Dem. "fraction," Paul Singer, had occasion to remind the Reichstag that although they (the Socialists) might not always be emphasising the point at that juncture, the party was necessarily in principle Republican.

"No, Sir, in vain is the snare laid in sight of the bird!" Reaction will never succeed in its attempt to "noble" the Socialist movement by means of such a very thin device as the above, using the ingenuous Fabian fallacist as its catpaw. The class-conscious proletariat is too smart for this. It knows well enough that genuine Socialism must rest upon the realised political ideals of the older Democratic movement, and that the blandishments of reaction held out to it to cut itself adrift therefrom as something indifferent, in consideration of accepting from above certain munificent and municipal doles in the shape of gas, water and sewage, is a subtle device of the enemy. Only on the solid foundation of Republicanism, Democracy, and Internationalism, it is rightly felt, can true Socialism rest, and the Socialism that repudiates these bases proclaims itself by that very fact bogus and spurious.

Now as to fallacies 1 and 2 which both come under the head of "confusion of categories," Mr. Shaw doesn't seem to see that what he calls Socialism is not the Socialism of the International Socialist party. We have plenty of Socialism of his sort in Prussia at the present time. Post office, telegraphs and railways are

State departments worked in the interest of the middle and upper classes. Indirectly I don't deny the rest of the community may benefit by such organisation to a limited extent, but this is not the Socialism of the working classes of Europe and America. I of course admit that these State monopolies might conceivably be introduced by a Devonshire or a Chamberlain, and are as possible under a Monarchy or Empire as under a Republic. Yet again I would not deny that on the principle of sops thrown to Cerberus, there might under such conditions be even a pretence at socialistic legislation of a kind which really benefited the working classes directly, up to a certain point (Factory Acts, possibly but improbably an eight hours' Act, &c.). What I deny is, that anything that could be done under a Monarchy or Empire or (if you will) a Bourgeois Republic could merit the name of Socialism. The specific doctrine of Socialism is not as Mr. Shaw assumes mere State appropriation or management, no matter of what kind.

Socialism or Social Democracy means the conquest of political power by the producing classes organised to this end, with a view to communising the entire land and means of production upon it, and organising industry in the common interest of the whole community. That this presupposes the "class struggle" terminating in the extinction of classes is obvious. Equally obvious is it that it involves economic equality as its goal. And economic equality implies not the tinkering with but the *overthrow* of the present system which it is the function of the two political parties, Liberal and Tory, to doctor and preserve. Hence the Socialist *as such*, is necessarily (pace Mr. Shaw) "a man apart" and not "an ordinary citizen," as is the Liberal or Tory. Again a vast economic revolution like the above is inconceivable without its being preceded or accompanied by changes in other departments of human interest. Though I cannot argue the point in this letter, it would not be difficult to prove that Socialism, to the logically minded man, must imply those other changes in human life and thought so scornfully referred to by Mr. Shaw as "heterodoxies." As for the non-logically minded man he too usually finds this out by his instinct. Hence the saying of Tridon, repeated I believe by Bebel, that Socialism expresses itself in the economic sphere as Communism, in the political sphere as Republicanism, and in the religious sphere as Atheism. The "respectable citizen" who "abhors all these things" would assuredly also equally "abhor" any organisation aiming at the economic revolution above described. Fabian gas and water caucuses he will join of course any day.

Mr. Shaw challenges me as to whether I would rather work with the English constitution or the French. I answer unhesitatingly, the French, albeit a republic with a septennial presidency, a second chamber, and an imperialist police system is certainly not *my* republic. As to Boulangerism, how long did it last, I ask, or rather how soon and how ignominiously did it not "peter out"? And I would further ask, if Monarchy is such a specific against hero-worship, how Mr. Shaw explains the Gladstone cult, to which he refers, and which certainly had a longer life in England than the Boulangerist in France?

To conclude this long letter undertaken in answer to Mr. Shaw's challenge, I may define my position on the general question of historic evolution as follows:—

The pioneers of world-movements such as Christianity or Socialism, it is quite true, cannot conceive the form in which their ideas will realise themselves. Before the great flux of history we can truly say with the King in "Lobengrin," "unsere Weisheit Einfalt ist." But none the less even the "pioneer" can negatively define the lines of demarcation which will separate the "world to come" from the existing world. If he cannot sketch a *picture* of the society of the future without sinking into the futilities of Utopism, he can at least rough-hew a bare outline *map*. The filling-in, the life, will undoubtedly be different from all our preconceptions. It will neither be all municipal sewage, as with Webb, nor all brotherly love, as with Hardie, nor all decorative art as with Morris, but a living synthesis embracing these and other "specialisms" as elements, but of the life of which as a whole, we can form not the faintest imaginative construction.

E. BELFORT BAX.

## THE CARE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Deanery, Winchester, 29 October, 1900.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a letter signed "Winton" which appeared in last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. After reading it I am in doubt whether it should be regarded as a joke, or as a serious indictment against me and everyone connected with Winchester Cathedral. If it was written in jest the joke is certainly a very sorry and stupid one, if in earnest I can call it by no milder term than an infamous libel for which I have a right to demand an ample apology. If your correspondent has not the honesty and courage to make one I shall know what to think of him.

Inhabitants of Winchester can afford to laugh at statements which are ludicrously false, but as they may be taken seriously by some of your readers who do not know the facts I think it my duty to expose your correspondent's misrepresentations.

I. He says "*the peaceful old Close seems never to be mown or weeded.*" We have four men incessantly employed in mowing, sweeping, weeding and otherwise taking care of the Close, at a cost in wages of about £12 per month, and it would not be easy to find a private garden in which the lawns are kept more trim, or the paths more free from weeds and leaves. The present neat and tidy condition of the precincts originated with my predecessor whom your correspondent is pleased to call a "Radical agitator."

II. *Inside dust and debris accumulate.* I defy anyone to show any part of the Cathedral to which these words apply, except of course where repairs are being carried on; in which case a certain amount of dust and dirt is unavoidable.

III. *The custodians seem to have no other care beside the extortion of sixpences from Yankee tourists.* Our custodians I am happy to say are men who take a reverent pride in the noble building which they guard. They do not "*extort*" sixpences from anybody. Sixpence is the fee charged by the Dean and Chapter, as in nearly all other cathedrals, for admission to the eastern portions of the church, apart from the hours of service. Visitors are not compelled, as at Canterbury, York and Westminster, to go with a party, but it is the business of the vergers to give them information if they desire it, and to see, as far as they can, that no damage is done: yet in spite of their vigilance mischief is sometimes done. Only the other day the carved heads of the pastoral staves attached to two stone figures of Bishops Cuthbert and S. Richard of Chichester in Bishop Fox's Chantry were broken off and carried away. Your correspondent thinks that the cathedral "*should be freely open to the visits of churchmen.*" So it might be if all visitors were churchmen, and churchmen who could be trusted, or if the State paid the custodians.

IV. *No doubt we (is it possible that the writer is a resident in Winchester?) have been unfortunate in our Deans. A Radical agitator has been succeeded by a Roseberyite publicist who cares neither for seemly services nor for the cleanliness which should accompany godliness in a noble minster.*

To "the Radical agitator" Winchester Cathedral owes not only the beautiful condition of the Close to which I have already referred, but the opening out of the crypt, and the greater part of the restoration of the magnificent altar screen which, as completed last year, is unsurpassed by anything of the kind in Christendom.

For myself if I be a "Roseberyite publicist" it is in all ignorance and innocence, for I have not the faintest notion what this singular expression means. Of many shortcomings I am well aware, but I can truly say that want of reverent care for the cathedral and its services is not one of them. The study of church architecture and church music has been one of my greatest delights ever since I was a boy, and there is not a cathedral in England and Wales that I have not visited. If it is necessary to speak of one's own doings I may mention that since I came here I have with much exertion raised more than £10,000 by subscription for the repair of the cathedral roofs and vaulting; many additions have been made to the furniture and fittings, the organ has been

remodelled at a cost of £1,000 and is now one of the finest in the kingdom, the choir has been augmented and I am satisfied that there are few cathedrals in England in which the musical services are better rendered. The Bishop of Winchester in his charge at his visitation of the cathedral the other day remarked "Never I suppose, in its long history has the saying or singing of the public offices in our cathedral church been more reverent, more careful, more cultured in its harmonies than it is to-day."

Your correspondent says that "churchmen will gladly contribute to building or restoration." I hope he will be one of these cheerful contributors for I want nearly £4,000 at the present moment to complete my roof repair fund.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. R. W. STEPHENS.

## "MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 James Street Mansions, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

24 October, 1900.

SIR,—I hope you will afford me the hospitality of your columns in order to protest against certain observations made by "A Playgoer" in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Not, allow me to say, that I differ from him in the high opinion he expresses of your own dramatic critic. The good sense and good taste of the admirable "Max" must be acknowledged by any man with the slightest pretension to one or the other.

"A Playgoer" does me the honour to quote some remarks from a published criticism of my own on Mr. Charles Wyndham's performance in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and, at the same time, does me the injustice to misunderstand my meaning. Your correspondent quotes, with supercilious disdain, my opinion that Sir Daniel Carteret—the character represented by Mr. Wyndham—might as well have been described as "a judge of port wine, or of anything else, as a judge of the High Court," and observes, sapiently, that "a judge of the High Court is, in private life, only a human being." Here is another Daniel come to judgment! He meets my objection that Mr. Wyndham "does not look like a judge" with the retort that he has "an overwhelming desire to be told by this amiable humourist how a judge should look." Well, this amiable humourist will be glad, with your permission, to gratify this "overwhelming desire." For I have always held it to be the duty of a writer who has a proper appreciation of the functions of a critic not only to give opinions, but to give a reason for them. I had endeavoured to do so in the present instance in the explicit terms of the statement from which "A Playgoer" has quoted. "I cannot conceive," I said, and say again, "of a judge with the characteristic airy gaiety of Mr. Wyndham, even in the leisure of the Long Vacation. Mr. Wyndham does not look like a judge, but . . . Mr. Wyndham's light, elegant, easy manner is certainly very much more engaging than a more austere demeanour would be."

I have spoken of the judge in Mr. Henry A. Jones' new play as a "character," but I think Sir Daniel Carteret would be better described as a "part," which is not exactly the same thing. It is, in my opinion, a part drawn with Mr. Jones' masterly skill in the manipulation of theatrical effects, yet I confess to an "overwhelming desire" (if "A Playgoer" will allow me the use of the words) to know what are the particular attributes of a judge in the person of Sir Daniel Carteret. When a character in a play is supposed to hold such a position I think that some signs should be given of the qualities which have brought him to that eminence. The insouciant affability, the gaiety and the good nature of the fascinating Mr. Wyndham are not, I believe, specially characteristic of Her Majesty's judges, and Sir Daniel, I am sure, might have been anything but a judge without in the least degree affecting the interest of the play. Indeed, the very fact that he is a judge actually aggravates the falseness of the position when Sir Daniel helps to obtain a signed retraction of the charges against Mrs. Dane from the lady who has made them, for this upright judge knows,



from Mrs. Dane's own confession, that the charges are true.

As an "amiable humourist" I might tell "A Playgoer" curtly to go to the Law Courts if he wished to see what a judge looks like. But his suggestion that "a judge is, in private life, only a human being" seems to imply that he is something more (or less) on the bench, and is indistinguishable, once away from the courts, from any ordinary human being. That is the point. "A Playgoer" will possibly not deny that a Boer, a University don, or a costermonger is also "only a human being." But we know what they "look like." My impression is that they do not look any more like a light comedian than Mr. Wyndham looks like a judge. A man's mode of life, his habits, his thoughts, his feelings, his very appearance must take a certain complexion from the nature of his pursuits, just as the dyer's hand "becomes subdued to what it works in." No abnormally acute perception of character is necessary to enable one to say of a man at a glance, "this is a soldier," or "that is a barrister." I will go further. Although the barrister may have a shaven lip in common with the comedian, I will engage to distinguish by something in his conversation, by something in his appearance, the actor from the barrister in any company. It is the business of the actor (and the dramatist) to realise such nice distinctions in the definition of character. Now Mr. Charles Wyndham, who remains to this day without a peer within the limitations of light comedy, has in his later years played, in very successful pieces, the parts of a Cabinet Minister, an Eminent Physician, and a Military Officer, and I trust I may not forfeit my title to be considered "amiable" when I say that in all these parts Mr. Wyndham is always charming—and always Wyndham; always the high-spirited, engaging, debonnair, well-dressed "man of the world." I have never, to my recollection, seen any performance by Mr. Wyndham—always excepting *Cyrano de Bergerac*, in which he was out of his depth—to which these terms might not be applied.

The plain truth is that there is nowadays a grievous want of proportion in the criticism of all the concerns of the theatre. I observe that Mr. William Archer—a very earnest critic for whom I entertain feelings of esteem and gratitude—seeks to qualify his extraordinarily lavish praises of this same "Mrs. Dane's Defence" with the reservation that he accepts it as a principle of criticism that, in judging a play, the work should be considered from the point of view of the kind of play it is—as who should say of a bad play that it is a very good play for a bad play. Meaner critics adopt the same principle, I apprehend, in writing freely of "great" plays and "great" acting, which are only "great" by comparison with the little things upon which their observation and judgment are based. I ask myself what words these journalists, who discover the light of genius under every bushel, will find in which to welcome the really great performance or the really great play, when the masterpiece, for which the stage is waiting, takes us by surprise.—Yours truly,

EDWARD MORTON.

#### THE TRAINING OF SEAMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Baron Hill, Beaumaris, North Wales,

25 September, 1900.

SIR,—The various letters appearing mostly in the "Times" dealing with the above subject have no doubt been widely read and considered by many laymen to whom it is, and must be, a question of great importance; in the case of such as them as have some knowledge of the sea, to the importance is added engrossing interest. The newspaper discussion culminated towards the end of June in a long and most interesting debate held in the Royal United Service Institution, following upon an equally interesting and able lecture by Mr. J. R. Thursfield. The discussion lasted two days, and I find upon careful reading of the report of it, which is now before me, that including the chairman, Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, thirteen admirals, three captains,

and four commanders spoke and gave their views. Of these, it appears that eight admirals, two captains, and three commanders supported one view, while five admirals, one captain, and one commander took the other side. This is not counting the lecturer who assures his audience more than once that he is absolutely unbiassed on the point in question, and endeavours only plainly to state a case; his reiterated assurance to this effect must of course be accepted, and I will only say that I think it is indicated in his lecture on which side the bias would be, did he possess a mind capable of being biassed.

The point at issue was, and I presume is:—Does the system of training our young seamen of the Royal Navy meet modern requirements? That is to say, the system of training boys and ordinary seamen in ships with masts and yards, is put upon its trial, and is arraigned upon a charge of (1) Being antiquated and obsolete, because, as some say, it is a relic of the past, and has gone by the board. (2) Of being useless, because no fighting ships will ever again go into action fitted with masts and yards. (3) Of being a cause of waste of money and time, because the money and time spent upon it would be more usefully expended in another direction.

In talking of the discussion as a "trial" of the old system, I do not mean of course that it was before a final tribunal, for its case will meet with further investigation; but, taking place where it did, and having regard to the high rank and reputation of the speakers, I do not think it is unduly straining a point to say that this discussion might be almost looked upon as a preliminary trial. If I may assume as much, I also may assume that in common with any other prisoner before a British court, the "system" is innocent of the charges brought against it, unless it is proved guilty, but with such proof would come its sentence, i.e.—*Abolition*. Let us therefore examine the evidence given against it by some of our most able and distinguished officers, whose reputation alone must lend great weight to their utterances.

It is said to be antiquated and obsolete. Grant that it is antiquated, to my mind that is rather in its favour, unless it is also proved obsolete. But is it obsolete? I take it that nothing is obsolete until it is superseded by something which accomplishes the same ends more quickly, or more effectually. In this case the end to be accomplished is obviously to turn out seamen in the true sense of the word, who shall be unequalled in the world. In that respect we find that not only do the champions of the old system of mast and yard training uphold it, but the accusers of it admit almost to a man, that nothing can or will ever touch the discipline of a sailing-ship, as a means of teaching (to use a quotation from the "Times," cited by the lecturer), that "self-reliance and resource, quickness of eye and steadiness of nerve, calmness and self-possession in emergency, steadfastness in danger, helpfulness in all difficulties and a quick sense of comradeship" so absolutely necessary at the present, so marked in the past, and so desirable in the future, for no one will deny that success in a modern naval battle will call for just the same individual qualities in the officers and men as won for us Trafalgar and the Nile. It is a significant fact that while a certain school of naval officers attacks the training given in masted ships, they all regret its death, which they assume to have taken place: but none seem prepared with an alternative scheme. "Never let go one rope, till you have laid hold of another" is an old and very sound sea maxim. I have heard said, and seen written opinions advocating more time to gunnery and other drills, but never have I seen or heard any practical suggestion for making seamen, without taking them to sea, and if you do this, and you want them to undergo the best possible training, and the one most likely to establish in the young seaman, you must do it in a sailing-ship. Some laymen may say, Why? Why do not torpedo-boats and destroyers teach the same lessons as to nerve, and steadiness, and general handiness as the sailing-ships? My reply is, they do, and they do not. For the helmsman, for the stoker and engineer, and for the young officer, this training is admirable; for the ordinary seaman it cannot compare with that of the sailing-ship.

One of the arguments I have seen advanced against the mast and yard training "is a statement of opinion" that the boys would probably know it was a mere training, and nothing more; that they would never fight in a masted ship; they would therefore take no interest in the business on hand. I venture, however with much respect to disagree, and I can only say that I am firmly of opinion, that to a man on an upper yard, furling a sail in a hard blow, the question of whether he is going to hold on or not, is one that has for him probably, considerable interest, and just the kind of interest that will make him learn the lesson it is desired to impart.

In the present so-called "Training Squadron," of which I was privileged to see a good deal last winter, many of its officers being my friends, the exercises and gymnastics necessary for the proper development of the young bluejacket which were found automatically in the masted ship, had to be provided artificially in this cruiser squadron. I must confess that to me there is something almost pathetic in the sight of a body of bluejackets improving their muscles on the quarter deck by bar-bell exercise, accompanied by a brass—a very brass—band, and though I probably lay myself open to the rebuke that I must not introduce sentimentality into such a serious problem, I can only apologise and say I will not do it again, but I shall still think the same. I submit that as nothing which adequately produces the same results as the drill and discipline of a masted ship do has yet been found, the system is not obsolete, and that consequently that charge is not proved, and that the charge of antiquity is beside the point.

The second charge is—That it is useless because masted ships will never again fight. The framers of this charge, I think, miss the point of the whole question. The whole question is one of training for a certain purpose, and the question of training this way or that is merely an item, a most important one, I admit, but still an item in the programme that is to be carried out in order to attain the purpose. That purpose is to make seamen, because all, or nearly all, the speakers hold that seamen are necessary; nearly all also will admit that a sailing-ship produces the best seamen and the men who most quickly pick up and learn their other duties, such as gunnery, torpedo, and boat work, &c. How then can the charge of uselessness be upheld?

Now for the third charge—waste of time and money. The cry of the anti-mast and yard school is, do away with these old and useless ships, send our boys for training into the ships that they will have to fight in, and train them there; most of them, however, if asked "Do you want the boys to become seamen or merely naval artillerymen?" would at once say, "Oh, of course they must be seamen." My reply is that without masts and yards, you cannot make them seamen, and as these do not exist on board a modern cruiser or battleship the conditions for doing so are not present. "Oh yes," they reply, "you have only to send them to sea for much longer periods, we are not at sea long enough." Well, they may of course be perfectly right, and I entirely wrong, but it would be interesting to see what the difference in cost would be, if the old masted training squadron was refitted, and even added to, on the one hand; and if on the other, squadrons of modern cruisers were sent to sea for long periods under slow speed, and kept at sea for weeks at a time to familiarise the young bluejacket with his adopted element. The modern ships must burn coal, while the old masted ship would be keeping the sea for just as long as her modern sister, under sail only, burning little or no coal, and moreover in my opinion doing her training work better. As to the waste of time, it is agreed that instead of the mast and yard drill, some kind of gymnastics must be substituted for the sake of exercise; well, what is the difference, looking at it from the point of view of time only, and what does it matter whether two hours a day are spent at gymnastic and manual exercises, or spent on the upper yards of a "C" class corvette or some similar craft? I venture to think that the men who spent their two hours in the latter employment would probably lead the others anywhere.

To return to the question of expense:—I agree with those that say, it is not so much a case of "how much," as it is a case of "must have." No one in

his senses denies the absolute necessity of the control of the sea to this country, and to insure that, we must not only have the best ships but also the best men. The taxpayer, I believe, in this matter has only to be told what is wanted to give it. As aforesaid, it is urged by those who advocate training in modern and mastless ships that more time should be put in at sea, and for economy slow speed should be used; they also state that at the speed at which these ships usually cruise, the distances between the ports are so quickly covered that but little time is now spent actually at sea. So far as this is concerned, it appears on the face of it a sound contention, and one likely to commend itself to the ordinary man, with only a passing acquaintance with the navy. I should like therefore to state the other side of the question. If it is contended that men should be trained only in the ships they are to fight, then, I presume, it is admitted that the drills and the manœuvres &c. of those vessels should be made as similar to what would actually be required in action as possible. Very well, which of our admirals, may I ask, is going into action at slow speed? But how are you going to train the officers to keep station, and the stokers to keep steam at sixteen knots, when you only manœuvre and crawl about at seven or eight knots? The thing is absurd. Times there surely are when slow speed will be necessary, perhaps when patrolling, &c., but then all must be ready for a sudden spurt, and woe betide the man caught with low steam or dirty fires, in such a case. The stokers and engine-room staffs generally, require training as much as any other section of the crew, hence the necessity of working at sea at a sufficiently high speed; but if it is suggested that one speed is necessary for training the engine-room people and another for training the young seaman, then I say that the accusation of waste of time and money equally applies to the new system. One other point: if we detail a squadron of our modern cruisers for purely training purposes, they cannot be said to be during that period thoroughly efficient fighting vessels, from the fact that their crews are largely composed of men or boys who are under training and therefore are not yet efficient seamen; so that we have to keep a certain proportion of modern cruising vessels (of which we have none too many) so occupied as to prevent them being efficient units, and available for their proper duties immediately. It would I think be as economical, and more conducive to the adequacy and efficiency of our modern fleet of cruisers, to utilise old vessels, of no use for any other purpose, for training work; than as at present to employ modern vessels whose services may at almost a moment's notice be needed in another direction.

As to the argument that the old ships are only provided with obsolete weapons, why cannot they be fitted with modern ones? and what is to prevent plenty of gun practice being carried out in the intervals between sail drill? Anyone who knows much or even a little of the old training squadron knows that the elementary gunnery training was not neglected on these ships, and that the necessary groundwork of knowledge was imparted, the finishing touches being subsequently applied at one of the gunnery schools. One distinguished officer, who commanded the training squadron, said during the discussion that young officers appeared to him to suffer from a want of observation. How better can you teach him to be observant, than as the officer of the watch on a sailing-ship? nothing I know will oblige him to keep his wits and his eyes about him in the same way. He must watch his sails, his ship, his men, and his helm, all at the same time, and if in the Channel or near a ship track must keep a bright look out for other vessels. Another distinguished Admiral said that he would like to hear what the present generation of executive officers had to say, and I think he has probably asked for an opinion from the class of officers best able to give a sound one; they have to organise, and work the men, and are thrown more in contact with them than any officer of a ship; none can judge better between the respective merits of the sailing-ship trained man, and the one who has not had that advantage. For my own part, I should gladly be guided by their opinions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY.



## REVIEWS

## THE GROWTH OF A DICTIONARY.

The Romanes Lecture, 1900: "The Evolution of English Lexicography." By James A. H. Murray. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1900. 2s.

"The Oxford English Dictionary." Parts of Vols. IV., V.: Gradely-Greement, by Henry Bradley; Inferable-Inpushing, and Input-Invalid. By Dr Murray. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1900. 2s. 6d. each part.

IT was right and meet that the Romanes lecture at the University which is producing the great English Dictionary should be devoted this year to the subject of lexicography. To those who believe, with the accomplished pupils of Miss Pinkerton's establishment for young ladies, that "Johnson's Dictionary" was the first work of its kind, springing full blown out of the brain of "the great Lexicographer," Dr. Murray's lecture on the Evolution of English Lexicography will be a painful surprise. Many people do not find evolution a blessed word, and in this case it may shatter some fond illusions. They will be well repaid, however, by the extremely interesting account given by our modern great lexicographer of the way in which English dictionaries gradually grew up. Dr. Murray traces the beginning of the growth in the vernacular glosses interlined in Latin manuscripts to explain the meaning of rare and difficult words. "The possessor of a Latin book, or the member of a religious community which were [*sic*. should not Dr. Murray write "which was" or "who were"?] the fortunate possessors of half a dozen books, in his ordinary reading of this literature here and there came across a difficult word which lay outside the familiar Latin vocabulary. When he had ascertained the meaning of this, he often, as a help to his own memory and a friendly service to those who might handle the book after him, wrote the meaning over the word in the original text, in a smaller hand, sometimes in easier Latin, sometimes, if he knew no Latin equivalent, in a word of his own vernacular." Latin MSS. of a religious character are often full of such glosses, especially in Celtic and Teutonic countries, and by their means a large number of old English, Irish, and German words have been preserved which would otherwise have been lost. In course of time it occurred to some one to collect all the glosses he came across in his manuscripts and copy them into a separate list, when they could be referred easily to or learned by heart. Thus the "Glossary" arose, which led in time to the seventeenth century "Table Alphabetical" or "Expositor of Hard Words." Parallel with this, the other chief source of the dictionary was the "Vocabulary," or list of names of animals, trades, tools, virtues and vices, and the like, with the vernacular equivalents, which was handed down orally from generation to generation for the teaching of the Latin language, and eventually committed to writing. Presently the vocabulary and glossary were combined; people lent each other their glossaries to compare and enlarge; the lists were put into alphabetical order, and an approach was thus attained to the dictionary. We see these various stages in the Leyden, Epinal, Erfurt, and Corpus glossaries, dating back to the eighth century and even earlier. At first Latin is generally explained by Latin glosses, but by degrees English becomes more usual, until checked by the Norman Conquest. Many readers, unversed in Freeman, probably look upon this event as the introduction of a higher civilisation, but Dr. Murray dismisses any such illusions:

"Learning and literature, science and art, had attained to fair proportions in England and in the old English tongue, when their progress was arrested by the Norman Conquest. . . . In literary culture the Normans were about as far behind the people whom they conquered as the Romans were when they made themselves masters of Greece; and it was not till some two generations after the Conquest that learning and literature regained in England somewhat of the position which they had occupied two centuries earlier. And this new literary culture was naturally confined to the French dialect of the conquerors, which had

become the language of court and castle, of church and law, of chivalry and the chase; while the rich and cultured tongue of Alfred and Ælfric was left for generations without literary employment, during which time it lost nearly all its poetical, philosophical, scientific and artistic vocabulary, retaining only the words of common life and everyday use."

This, of course, is why most of our terms of science, art, and culture generally, are of French and Latin origin. The true English terms were lost, and though many of them may be recovered in Dr. Murray's dictionary, their use could only be hazarded by adventurous translators such as the late Sir Richard Burton. For three centuries after the Conquest English lexicography stood still. Then, at the end of the fourteenth century, the age of Langland, Wyclif, Gower, and Chaucer, we find English again predominant: it is used in the grammar schools and the law courts, and once more Latin-English vocabularies are in request. At last a daring innovator, one Brother Geoffrey the Grammarian, hit upon the idea of reversing the process. Instead of compiling a Latin-English list, he made it English-Latin, and his famous "Promptorium Parvulorum" or "Children's Repository," written about 1440, contains 10,000 English words with their Latin equivalents. So the slow process went on. In 1538 Sir Thomas Elyot published the first English "Dictionary"—a term meaning properly a repertory of "dicta" or "sayings," but which gradually ousted all rival names and came to mean any sort of alphabetical book of reference, from a list of vocables to a collection of biographies or of photographic recipes. Elyot's Dictionary was repeatedly enlarged and improved, notably by Thomas Cooper, "Scholē-Maister of Maudlens in Oxford" and afterwards Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor. Other dictionaries in English and Latin followed, such as Howlet's "Abecedarium," Baret's "Alvearie," so called because written for his Cambridge scholars, who were diligent "as Bees in gathering their waxe and honie into their Hieve." Palsgrave in his "Esclaircissement de la Langue Françoise," written for Mary Tudor, the reluctant bride of Louis XII., drew up one of the earliest English-French vocabularies; similar works were produced in Italian and English, Spanish and English, and so forth, till at last it occurred to someone that it might be useful to make a dictionary of English all to itself. It began in a "Table Alphabetical of Hard Words"—such "ink-horn terms" as the Renaissance had introduced from Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, and other learned tongues—and in 1623 it attained the dignity of "The English Dictionarie," by H. C., Gent., wherein not only were such hard words as "adecastick," "bubulcitate" and "collocupicate," carefully explained, but a separate part treated of "Gods and Goddesses, Men and Women, Boyes and Maides, Giants and Diuels," &c. like a modern classical or mythological dictionary.

Still, all the many works of this kind that appeared in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century were limited in their scope, and dealt mainly with hard words. It was not till 1721 that Nathanael Bailey in his "Universal Etymological English Dictionary" attempted to include all English words, with a special view to their etymology. The work was a great success, and the tenth edition appeared in the year of the author's death. Meanwhile the English language was being perfected in the hands of Addison, Steele, Swift, and the other Queen Anne Augustans, and there was a strong desire to enshrine it for ever in its classical form, lest it should fall, as Ciceronian Latin fell to an "infima Latinitas." The French were already trying to crystallize their language in the Académie and its dictionary. English purists had similar aims, and the task of preserving the well of English undefiled was confided in 1747 to Samuel Johnson, whose famous Dictionary appeared in 1755. Johnson's great merit and innovation lay in the illustration of the meaning of words by literary quotations, which he supplied from his wonderful memory or from specially prepared books. It was a marvellous piece of work, as Dr. Murray says, to accomplish in eight and a half years, and it raised English lexicography to the level of "a department of literature." Johnson's Dictionary long

remained supreme—indeed it still reigns for many purposes, though Webster's in its latest form may be "the best of one-volume dictionaries," and Richardson's "a valuable repertory of illustrations."

All these are of course superseded for ever, for those who can afford to use the very best, by the new Oxford Dictionary, with its five millions of extracts already made from books, its two thousand voluntary readers, and its able headquarters' staff. Dr. Murray speaks with proud modesty of this great achievement; but si monumenta quæris, they lie before you in the three new parts, one continuing vol. iv. (G), the others vol. v. (H-K), in which Mr. Bradley and the editor-in-chief pursue their learned labours with the same scrupulous care and thoroughness which we have repeatedly noted before. Each new part deserves attentive study; each throws a new light on many words which are often misused, or not sufficiently appreciated; and each shows once more to what perfection the art of lexicography has attained in the famous laboratory at Oxford. For purposes of comparison, we may mention that whilst in the section of G here included Johnson records but 143 words, the Oxford Dictionary gives 1,556, and in those of I Johnson has 724 to the new dictionary's 5,000 all but eight. We regret that there is no word of the serpentine elegance of *honorificabilitudinitas*; but, apart from such curious monsters, the articles *Inn* and *Ink* afford occasion for much interesting elaboration. We are glad to be reminded of "inkshed," which goes back from Carlyle and Sterne to Marvell; and there is much about the Inns of Court which should enlighten their numerous inhabitants and members, besides that "ancient home of a moribund order" Serjeant's Inn. Such a word as "instance" has a strange history. It began by meaning a fact which disproved a general statement, yet now, by an odd perversion, it has come to mean an example of its truth! It needs a good dictionary to explain how the same word came to be used in such various senses as these: "At the instance of a friend, I went in the first instance to London, an instance of how badly one may be advised." "Interfere" is another curious word. It means etymologically "to strike together," and was originally used to mean a horse's striking his fetlock with the opposite hoof, or "brushing," as it is sometimes called, though Dr. Murray does not give this term, which may be merely dialectal. Hence it came to mean the clashing of opinions, collision of actions, meddling of persons, &c. There are some remarks on the two forms "insurance" and "assurance," but to the proposal that assurance should apply to the company which assures and insurance to those who insure in it, Dr. Murray objects that the members of a mutual society would be at once assurers and insurers. But the words might be applied to them respectively according to their capacity in the context. The number of obsolete or rare words is very noticeable in these new parts, but the objection to them appears to us absurd. A complete Dictionary of the English Language must be a work in which every word of our literature, old and new, is explained, and how is one to understand fourteenth and fifteenth century books, or even seventeenth century now and then, without the full vocabulary included in the Oxford plan? A dictionary of this high standard can seldom err on the side of inclusiveness. It lies with its reader to use his discrimination and avoid words which are of weak authority or so obsolete that to attempt to revive them would be idle pedantry. "Inkster," for example, seems a serviceable word; it was invented by Charles Reade in 1860, but it never "caught on." The title-word "gradely" is too charming to be left in the obscurity of dialectal use, and there are many good words and phrases that might with advantage be revived. If some of the inksters who write so much about "send-offs" and "week-ends" would devote their ingenuity to resuscitating a few sound old English words, we could forgive them a stray barbarism. The true cure for barbarism is a judicious study of the Oxford Dictionary itself, with due regard to the history and authority of each word. To read it is indeed "a liberal education," almost as complete perhaps as the love of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

## SIAM IN 1900.

"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe." By Ernest Young. London: Constable. 1900. 6s.  
 "Surveying and Exploring in Siam." By James McCarthy. London: Murray. 1900.

A THIRD of a century ago two young princes, one fourteen years of age and the other fifteen, came to the throne in two countries of Eastern Asia—one in Japan and the other in Siam. Both of these regions were then threatened with absorption by European Powers. Russia had for some years been encroaching on islands claimed by Japan, and France, after annexing Lower Cochin China, had wrenched Cambodia from Siam and appeared resolved further to increase her Indo-Chinese Empire at the expense of that Power. The fate of their dynasties, the preservation of the integrity of their dominions, and the independence of their subjects from foreign rule were at stake and largely depended on the willingness and ability of these young rulers to diagnose the case and apply the necessary remedies. The Mikado had one of our most able British officials, Sir Harry Parkes, as his adviser, who, since his arrival in Japan in 1865, had gained the goodwill of all classes and was accepted as the friend and wellwisher of Japan. The Mikado, who had fibre and qualities exceptionally fitting him for his task and the advantage of a large body of patriotic nobles and gentry able and willing to aid him in his endeavours, determined, under the guidance of Sir Harry Parkes, to reform the administration of the affairs of his Empire on the best European lines and to raise his forces and people to the standard of Western civilisation. The Shogunate, feudalism and serfdom were abolished, the reforms were taken in hand with a will, and in 1875 a boundary treaty was signed with Russia that fixed the mutual frontier of the two Empires, which has been since respected by both Powers. Owing to the energy and completeness with which the reforms have been carried out, Japan has now advanced to its present position of a powerful and progressive nation, and, from its position and the sterling qualities of its population, may well be termed the Britain of the Far East.

It is otherwise with Siam, whose civilisation, such as it is, dates back far beyond that of Japan. When the King came to the throne he found it, so far as dress, handicrafts, trade, and buildings are concerned, in the same state as was portrayed by Chinese ambassadors in the third century of our era, when it formed part of the Empire of Cambodia. But the people, since the annexation of the country by the Shans in 1296, had sunk into a state of slavery, bond-slavery, and serfdom unparalleled elsewhere in Asia. His relations and the official classes generally were hopelessly corrupt, and the courts of justice were dens of iniquity in which bribery formed a necessary part of legal proceedings and perjured evidence was a matter of purchase. Reform, in such conditions, appeared utterly hopeless, even if the wayward and irresolute young King had it at heart; so he determined to present a mere veneer of progress at his capital to Christendom, and sought to protect his kingdom from further encroachment by playing England off against France in the hope that their rivalry would tend to preserve the integrity and independence of his dominions. Since then France has absorbed one-third of his kingdom, and, under the Anglo-French Declaration of 1896, has ear-marked another third, and the King has at length felt moved to make some effort to remedy at least the iniquitous state of justice in his country.

For anyone who wishes to study the aspects of an ancient civilisation—an olio of religions and superstitions garnered from Ancient Chaldea, India, China, and Northern Asia, and the worst phases of heathendom in the Far East—we would recommend the study of Mr. Young's work. It is by a gentleman lately connected with the Education Department of Siam, who "is content to leave to others the task of estimating the intrinsic value of Siam's present moral and social condition; hoping only that his attempts to portray briefly some of the manners and customs, the ideas and interests of her people, as he has actually seen them in daily intercourse, may help to give a truer notion of their condition and prospects, than would more lengthy



criticisms founded on general observations of those merely political matters which necessarily bound the horizon of the casual and passing traveller." The work is well illustrated by photographs and sketches lent to the author, but it would be greatly improved by full lists of contents to the chapters and by an index.

The other work before us gives the experience of a British surveyor in the service of the King of Siam when engaged in making trigonometrical surveys around the head of the Gulf of Siam and in Northern Siam. The surveys were commenced in 1881, when Siam was eagerly bent on continuing her encroachments on the territories of her neighbours, and on turning her feudatory states into provinces; and they were brought to a close in June 1893 by the intelligence that France had claimed the whole of Eastern Siam up to the Mekong as part of her Indo-Chinese Empire, and had gone to war with Siam to make her claim good. The twelve years during which the surveys were carried on were a period of no ordinary disturbance in the regions traversed by Mr. McCarthy and his companions. The Franco-Chinese war of 1882-85 was raging in Tonking; the Haws or Chinese of Yunnan had been pressing southwards since 1870, and occupying a vast region within the disputed borderland of Burma, Siam and Annam; the Black Flags, in the northern part of these borderlands, were ready to take pay as freelances from each of the conflicting Powers; and Siam was warring with the Haws, urging its northern feudatories to continue its encroachment on the Burmese Shan States, even after they had been annexed by Great Britain; and had treacherously seized the sons of the great border Chief of Muang Lai, whose rule extended over extensive territories within the frontiers of China and Annam as well as in Siam. A great part of the country traversed by the surveyor and his companions had been depopulated during the wars that had been carried on between Siam and its neighbours, and the encroachment of the Haws and various interesting tribes met with by the explorers had been gradually extending southwards from the Burmese Shan States and the Southern provinces of China peacefully to occupy the deserted regions. Northern Siam, particularly the part to the east of the Mekong (a river termed by the author the Nam Kawng) is one of the deadliest regions of the earth, owing to the fever rife at the beginning and close of the rainy season. Two English companions of the surveyor died of fever, and Mr. McCarthy himself appears to have contracted it, sooner or later, on every journey, but with great pluck and indomitable zest for the success of his work he continued his surveys. But fever and the danger due to the disturbed state of the country were not the sole or even the worst foes that the explorers had to contend with. We find Mr. McCarthy constantly complaining that the officials who should have helped him in carrying out his work by having the jungle-paths cut, trees cleared off the hill-peaks, forwarding supplies, and otherwise, instead of doing so, threw all possible obstructions in his path. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and contains an excellent map of Siam and the neighbouring regions, and triangulation charts of the regions surveyed.

#### "QUISANTÉ" AND ANOTHER.

"Quisanté." By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Hope has, it would seem, chosen to forswear alike rapier and cap and bells. The "King's Mirror" told us what a writer who is not, and is not likely to be, a king imagined must pass in a king's mind. "Quisanté" is a step nearer reality: it describes from the point of view of a man interested in current political life, the career of a successful politician. Alexander Quisanté is a political adventurer of Southern blood who goes very far, but owes his start to the fact that he has induced a more influential than brilliant politician of good family to believe in him and preach that belief. So far there is something reminiscent in the idea. But though Quisanté's story may possibly have been suggested by real events, the man's character is the creation of Mr. Hope's mind. He is a wonderful compound of greatness and meanness: he will use a shabby

trick to secure a foothold from which he rouses the country to great issues, with very real enthusiasm. But he is not a gentleman, in any sense of that much-abused word, and he wants the tact, the fine fibre of understanding, to realise what it is in himself that repulses and disgusts those who might be his friends. It is certain that the relations of such a man with women must be dramatic. Quisanté falls in love with Lady May Gaston, a girl of great charm and generally unsuspected ability. To her he is able to show the greatness of his character. The problem before her is that of deciding whether the greatness, which she sees at moments, or the littleness to which she can never close her eyes, is in very truth the real man. On the answer the issues of their lives depend. The book is the story of their married life. Did a woman ever govern a man's life successfully when she cared for his brain alone and rather disliked his character? Some of the minor characters are amongst Mr. Hope's happiest creations. The weakness of "Quisanté," as it appears to us, is that the central figure is the woman, and this is undoubtedly not by the author's design. It is true that her husband dominates her: the wonderful letter at the end, which Lady May could hardly have written but Mr. Hope required, offers convincing proof of that. Mr. Hope, if we understand him aright, meant to show us what marriage meant to the career of Quisanté. We receive the confidences of the wife, but we cannot really see the husband. We are told that he was brilliant, we are told of the effect he produced in politics. We read it all as we might read an Assyrian tablet. What we see is that the man is a cad. And he was so much more, if only Mr. Hope's art rose to the task of showing it. After so much discussion we need hardly say that the interest of the book, and, within limits, the clearness of insight shown in the treatment of character, are great. Certainly the writer of "Quisanté" stands henceforth on a higher plane.

"Prejudged." By Florence Montgomery. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

The title and authorship of this work remind us of the tears of twenty years ago (or thereabouts) which we shed over "Misunderstood." It is quite another story, however, and the pathos is not unbearable at all, for the happy ending stares you in the face from the first. The "prejudged" individual is altogether so admirable that when Miss Talbot begins with a little aversion from him, we know how she will end—and she does it, quite satisfactorily, with a "burning blush." After the mathematical spirit in which the maidens of modern fiction argue out a proposal, the blush of bygone days is refreshing. The occasional slips "*Was it him?*" "*la dotte*," instead of "*le dot*," and so on, do not disfigure the story much. It flows on pleasantly to an inevitable climax.

#### THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS.

The "Fortnightly Review" is fortunate this month in the possession of the article which is certain to attract most attention. Admirable and weighty as many of the contributions to the leading reviews are, the *pièce de résistance* is undoubtedly Sir Robert Hart's inside view of the "national uprising and international episode" in China. Sir Robert points out that as long ago as May there were rumours of approaching trouble and that ladies and children slept in the British Legation for safety, but the movement was looked upon as purely a Boxer affair and in no sense as a menace to Peking itself. Before the Boxers entered the capital Prince Tuan was added to the Yamen. Most foreigners regarded the appointment as objectionable because of Tuan's known anti-foreign tendencies, but Sir Robert Hart approved in the belief that contact with foreigners would induce in Tuan as it has induced in others a change of views. The demand for the surrender of the Taku forts upset all calculations, the foreigners have not seen Prince Tuan and "his future influence," says Sir Robert, "will be a questionable factor." The most striking part of the paper is Sir Robert Hart's apprehension with regard to the Yellow Peril. He seems to think that there are two ways of escape: one would be for the Powers to decide at once to partition China, to come to a common understanding under which militarism among the Chinese would be discouraged; the other would be for Christianity to make such an advance as to "prick the Boxer balloon and disperse the noxious gas" which threatens to swell race hatred

and "imperial the world's future." Sir Robert does not think he is going too far in using the words "imperial the world's future." He writes, in a passage which out-Pearsons Pearson: "Twenty millions or more of Boxers armed, drilled, disciplined and animated by patriotic if mistaken motives will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything foreigners have taken from China, will pay off old grudges with interest and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never even dreamt of. In fifty years' time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government: there is not the slightest doubt of that!" It is a veritable nightmare for the nations; like most nightmares it will probably not be realised in fact; but who shall say that it is wholly impossible? More sober but to the same effect is Professor de Martens' article in the "Monthly Review." He warns "the civilised Powers," in settling their account with China, not to go too far in exacting reparation and new privileges. They must be careful that treaties of peace do not serve as mere armistices. "After a short lapse of time, new troubles, murders, and crimes would be committed in China against the foreigners and more bloody wars would be inevitable." The future of China is a matter of concern to other countries only less than to China itself. It is felt peculiarly in the Presidential Election in the United States, as Mr. Maurice Low points out in the "National." The Election, by the way, is discussed in the "Contemporary Review" at great length by Mr. Albert Shaw and Mr. Sydney Brooks, and in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Lowry Whittle. The opinion is almost universal that Mr. McKinley will be re-elected.

The question of Imperial defence occupies as much space as ever in the reviews. There are three articles on the subject in the "Nineteenth," by Lord Thring, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court, and Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, whilst the New Administrative Reform Association originated by the Editor, takes definite shape. Lieut.-Col. à Court explains the exceptional conditions under which the war has had to be fought. "The truth is," he says, "that the absence of certain means for estimating the force of an invisible foe at a given place and on a given day, has proved the greatest difficulty in the path of our modern commanders." Mr. H. Somers Somerset's account in the "Nineteenth" of the latest French army manoeuvres makes us wonder what sort of show France, assuming she could even have got her men 6,000 miles over sea, would have made against the Boer. In the French manoeuvres solid bodies of men captured strong positions without artillery preparation and assistance! The assurance however that foreign generals would have made at least as many mistakes as the British is no reason for not taking the problem of army organisation vigorously in hand. "Blackwood's" grapples with it in a masterly paper advocating the adoption in our military policy of the offensive principle as opposed to that of pure defence. The writer urges that such a policy in the end would prove the most economical. He advocates (1) "The reorganisation of our recruiting system on a national basis, and the establishment of a national system for securing the employment of sailors and soldiers after service. (2) The resuscitation of the Militia, and the resumption by the local civil administration of responsibility with regard to this force. (3) The necessity of limiting the number of Volunteers to be enrolled within the area of a county, and of raising a contribution from all men who do not elect to serve either in the county Militia or the county Volunteers to meet local expenses; such contribution to be raised locally. (4) The necessity of maintaining at home at all times as the home establishment a body of seasoned troops efficient for war—youths who are under twenty years of age being excluded from the establishment of the home army." An article by "Linesman" in the same magazine shows that there is no lack of material for the formation of an efficient army. "Tommy" in the field is as good as he ever was, as "Linesman" can testify from experience. It is not however troops alone that must be considered. There is the plan, the intelligent appreciation of military events before they occur. Can we be invaded? and if invasion is possible can we hope to protect the capital? are two questions which Captain W. E. Cairnes deals with in the "National Review." Captain Cairnes' article is as alarmist as it is lengthy, but it does not exceed the necessities of the case in either respect. He sees no reason why a blow struck by an invader at the heart of the Empire should not succeed, but he throws out some suggestions for reducing the chances of a triumphal coup by the enemy to a minimum. Everyone fights shy of anything approaching universal military service but that seems to be the one way in which we could hope to secure an army equal to our Imperial needs. That the terrors of Imperialism and militarism have been absurdly magnified is fairly conclusively demonstrated by the "Monthly Review" in its leading "editorial." British Imperialism in the past has not meant militarism in the Napoleonic or Cæsarian sense and will not in the future, but there are dangers ahead which should make it incumbent on every man to be ready and able to take his place in the ranks if necessary. British militarism has always been followed by commercial expansion, and in the

process militarism has so far subsided that a new crisis has involved exceptional sacrifices because we were unprepared!

Mr. H. Whates' study in the "Fortnightly Review" of Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Minister and a possible future prime minister forms a useful introduction to articles by Mr. Ernest E. Williams in the "National Review" on the "Sacrifice of Canada" and by Mr. Snead Cox in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Canada and the Empire." Mr. Whates does not pretend to make his catalogue of Mr. Chamberlain's services as Colonial Secretary complete. He has for instance nothing to say of Mr. Chamberlain's great work in getting Lord Salisbury to denounce the treaties with Germany and Belgium. Germany is keen to penalise Canada for granting the Mother Country preferential tariffs which those treaties rendered impossible, and Mr. Williams' article will be valuable if it makes clear to the world at large and especially to Her Majesty's Government that Canada must not be sacrificed. Mr. Cox fears that Imperial Federation would clash with the views and interests of the French Canadians. He certainly does not advance any tangible reason why anyone else should share his fears. The connexion between imperial interests and the School Board election is not at first sight obvious, but Mr. Macnamara seeks to establish such a connexion in the "Fortnightly." He describes the three years' work of the Progressives and thinks the record will encourage the electors to renew the Progressive majority. Mr. W. C. Bridgeman in the "National" puts a very different complexion on Progressive work. Economy, efficiency, and religion have, as Mr. Bridgeman shows, all suffered during the past three years. Mr. Macnamara thinks the Progressive increase of 1½d. in the school rate per pound is to be defended because the Moderates during the previous three years put the rate up 2d. It is a point of view which the ratepayers will hardly share. In the "Contemporary Review" the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, dealing with higher elementary schools, charges the Board of Education with dogged hostility to School Boards and consequently to all expansion of elementary education. The Duke of Devonshire will find the article somewhat pointed.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*La Ténébreuse.* By Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3fr. 50c.

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(Continued on page 562.)

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not one of alarm, for M. Ohnet's methods are not those of a realist—at no time does he succeed in expressing subtle emotions, never does his analysis of character become either profound or merciless. Himself a member of the bourgeoisie his books possess as little feeling as a merchant's correspondence on silk, no more imagination than an order for wools, as little food for reflection as all the ledgers in France. And so his admirers look forward to the volumes that appear from time to time in the "Batailles de la Vie" series—not because they are suggestive or abusive or satirical—but because they deal with matters that most interest themselves; because their "style" resembles the style of their own account-books; because they will be asked neither to reflect nor discern nor observe. Once—many years ago—M. Ohnet had an awakening. Some good Muse must have taken pity on him, inspired him, and the result was "Serge Panine." She must have been a tolerant Muse for she allowed him to remain true to his bourgeoisie; but even the littérateurs who shuddered at the sound of M. Ohnet's name, even decadent poets and irrepressible Montmartre chansonniers who sighed over it and jeered at it, admitted that "Serge Panine" merited the crowning bestowed upon it by the French Academy. They did more: looked forward to his next novel, but no sooner had it appeared than the littérateurs were seen shuddering again, while the decadent poets and Montmartre chansonniers mourned the now undeniable arrival of *Another* bourgeois. And they have shuddered and mourned a dozen times since; now on account of "Nemrod and Cie;" now because of "La Dame en Gris;" and again and again through "Lise Fleuron," "Au Fond du Gouffre," "Roi de Paris;" all parts of that depressing series (inspired no doubt by the Rougon-Macquarts), "Les Batailles de la Vie." Dull men, weak women, girls neither wholly good nor wholly bad, are the characters who appear again and again in the before-mentioned series. Stupid intrigues, insignificant episodes, an almost interminable array of colourless scenes, accompany the characters. Then come M. Ohnet's style (unpardonable in France); perpetual "padding" (another sin); invariable monotony (a third crime)—verily the shuddering of the littérateurs and the mourning of the decadent poets and Montmartre chansonniers are to be appreciated. Last year, however, M. Ohnet had another awakening; but as no Muse guided him, the result was deplorable—no less deplorable than "Gens de Noce." Herein we have bad people—thoroughly cynical, vicious people—though still belonging to the bourgeoisie. And here M. Ohnet blunders as no writer has blundered before, and here M. Ohnet (by reason of the increasing badness of the book) prepares us to expect something worse later on. And now, in "La Ténébreuse," our expectations are realised: M. Ohnet, after going from bad to worse, reaches the extreme limits of (we can find no fitter word) worstness. Never, and the assertion is a startling one, has he "padded" so much. The plot (which deals with a wonderful powder that is to startle the military and naval world) hangs fire for over four hundred closely printed pages; yet it deserves no more than a hundred pages of very large type. We weary of the powder; we get to hate the powder; nor is it long before we wish it had blown everybody up. Adventurers are after it—literally after it—and they kill the General who invented it, and surround Marcel Baradier (a colourless young fellow), who inherits the exasperating stuff. Sophia—a beautiful but notoriously wicked woman—is told off to fascinate Marcel by her accomplices. Eventually Hans, a dreadful scoundrel, steals the powder. Threats, arson, and murder follow. Then Marcel invents another powder, a better powder—a powder for commercial uses. The adventurers are at last arrested; Sophia swallows poison; and Marcel—who has been Sophia's lover—marries the daughter of a wealthy "homme d'affaires." It is scarcely necessary to say that M. Ohnet makes his adventurers ridiculous on every possible occasion, or that he loses no opportunity of introducing the bourgeois. The firm of Baradier and Graff (with its rival, Lichtenbach) has figured in M. Ohnet's books on countless occasions. The women are old friends; the dialogue has done infinite service, but when Sophia and her friends are present M. Ohnet becomes grandly melodramatic and writes as follows: "Ils échangèrent un regard. Et dans leurs yeux se lisait le souvenir des complicités anciennes. Sophia, la première, se détourna en faisant un geste d'acquiescement:—Suivez-moi donc. Elle ouvrit la porte et guida celui qu'elle paraissait à la fois redouter et hair." Or again: "Les yeux de Sophia se voilèrent, une pâleur s'étendit sur ses joues... elle tomba avec un grand soupir et ses noirs cheveux déroulés lui couvrirent le visage, comme d'un voile funèbre... Marcel montra au juge Sophia, qui achevait de mourir, et dit:—La voilà!—La Ténébreuse, toujours insaisissable, s'était réfugiée, cette fois, dans les éternelles ténèbres." We may say in conclusion that Sophia is called "La Ténébreuse" because she has always baffled and never been seen by the police. M. Ohnet would have us look upon her as a hopeless sinner, but merely succeeds in making her the only entertaining person in the book. In fact, we sympathise with Sophia from first to last—chiefly when we hear that she was once the mistress of "le beau Stevenson" who appeared at the Empire and was Sir Henry Irving's most formidable rival.

*Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

We can imagine nothing more characteristically French than "La Petite Marquise," the first and most brilliant play in this altogether brilliant book. Produced at the Gymnase Theatre as far back as 1874, it has lost none of its popularity and is generally regarded as being the wittiest piece in all the Meilhac-Halévy répertoire. Indeed, "La Petite Marquise," like the rest of its authors' works, contains so many capital character-sketches, so many exciting and amusing situations, that it cannot fail to be revived again and again. So far as dialogue is concerned no modern French playwright can equal the authors of "La Belle Hélène." Every single line is necessary; no word is out of place. And although many a situation would be considered unsuitable for the English stage, the offensive tricks to which modern playwrights like MM. Henri Lavedan and Feydeau resort for the sake of getting their "effect" are ever absent from MM. Meilhac and Halévy's works.

*Le Transvaal.* By Jules Poirier. Paris: Delagrave. 1900.

This is perhaps the most historical French work we have yet seen on the Transvaal; but there its merit ends. So long as M. Poirier concerns himself with the state of the country and the manners of the first settlers in 1652, we are quite satisfied if somewhat bored. But when he comes to the present war and holds forth in the manner of MM. Rochefort, Drumont, and others, we wonder that his explosions, exhausted long ago by other French writers, should have found a publisher. Nor can we say that M. Arthur Chuquet, who contributes the preface, has anything new to advance. The tone of his dissertation, like the tone of the greater part of the book, may be gathered from the following extract: "Sir Alfred Milner a dit que les Anglais se battaient non pour de l'or, mais pour la dignité de l'humanité; il fallait dire le contraire: les Anglais se battent pour de l'or et les Boers pour la dignité de l'humanité."

*Le Trêve à Quatre Feuilles.* By Louis Morosti. Paris: Société Libre d'Édition des Gens de Lettres. 1900. 3f. 50c.

It is difficult to conceive anything sadder than this love story. The theme is frail: Robert de Ponkocq has as mistress Berthe Valsayre—he loves her in the selfish manner of the average Parisian, while she—like many a generous-hearted demi-mondaine—simply worships him. Together, they linger in Italy, and the honeymoon is a happy one; but Robert leaves her to marry a colourless girl after a while, and Berthe, without disclosing their relations, frets. She might have recovered had not Robert and his bride spent the first months after their marriage in the same towns that she and her lover had once visited. This she considers sacrilege; but she suffers in silence, droops, dies. No incidents take place, and the characters do not possess much personality—but then M. Louis Morosti's only purpose was to tell a sad story and to illustrate the phrase he quotes on the cover: "Je sais que l'amour seul est quelque chose, je sais qu'il n'y a rien autre sur la terre."

#### LITERARY NOTES.

A reissue of the English Law Reports from 1300 down to 1865 in 150 volumes has been undertaken by Messrs. Green and Sons and Messrs. Stevens and Sons, Limited. The Reports will be reprinted verbatim, with editorial notes referring to later cases in which the cases reported have been followed or distinguished or overruled. Questions of policy or difficult questions of law arising in connexion with the work will be reserved to and decided by a consultative committee consisting of Lord Halsbury, Lord Alverstone, Lord Justice Henn Collins, Mr. Justice Wright, and Sir Robert Finlay. Special editors will deal with particular sets of reports. Mr. A. Wood-Renton, M.A., LL.B., of the Oxford Circuit, is general editor.

Messrs. Methuen are adding Gibbon's "Memoirs of My Life and Writings," edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill to their Standard Library; Messrs. Smith, Elder have in hand a volume by Col. Sir E. T. Thackeray of short biographies of deceased officers of the Bengal Engineers, headed by Lord Napier of Magdala; Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing a second series of Sir Herbert Maxwell's popular "Memories of the Months;" and Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue "An April Baby's Book of Tunes" by the author of "Elizabeth and her Garden."

Mr. W. S. Lilly is about to make his first appearance as a novelist. The work on which he has been engaged for some years will be published by Mr. John Lane in a day or two. It will be a tale of London Society. Another work which Mr. Lane has in hand for publication during November is Mr. Stephen Phillips' new tragedy "Herod" which was produced last Wednesday at Her Majesty's.

Another new "magazine and review" appears this week—this time appealing to the public which specially interests itself in Imperial and Colonial matters. The magazine makes a good start with a strong staff.

For This Week's Books see page 564.



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(Continued on page 566.)



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**CREDIT ASSURANCE, LIMITED.**

THE Third Annual Meeting of the Credit Assurance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., was held yesterday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. E. J. Smith presiding.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting, The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed regret that the Board had not a better statement to place before the shareholders. In the earlier months of the company's existence the directors either made some mistakes or were unfortunate in some kinds of business which were transacted. The result of the three years' operations was that the company had spent or lost, or both, a great deal of money, amounting to nearly the first call of £1. How far the sum proposed to be written off represented goodwill was a matter of opinion, but it was a tradition of the insurance world that no goodwill should be entered on the balance-sheet, although in every other sort of company such an item was recognised. They had to make up their mind whether the business which had been secured at such a cost as the accounts showed was worth carrying on and improving, or whether it was better to adopt some other course, such as trying to dispose of it. So far as the latter was concerned, the Board considered that if the business was worth anything to others it was worth more to themselves. The late manager (Mr. Lee Smith) was a good man in many ways, and undoubtedly increased the company's business, but there could be no doubt that it was secured at too great a cost. A special committee of the directors was appointed to inquire into the position, and the result was that arrangements were made whereby the late manager retired. The board had appointed Mr. A. G. Mackenzie as the new manager, and they had every confidence in the future of the company under that gentleman's management. The new idea in regard to insurance which the company was formed to test had not yet been a success, but that was largely owing to the fact that the management had had to devote a good deal of their attention to ordinary kinds of insurance. Since the balance-sheet was made up the affairs of the company had been thoroughly overhauled, and the business now being secured was so good that the prosperity of the concern was assured. He did not promise that a dividend would be declared next year, but he believed the company had now reached the turning point and was in a fair way of earning profits.

Judge Bompas (deputy-chairman) seconded the motion, and remarked that, although unfavourable, the report showed that the shareholders had an honourable, trustworthy board who knew their duty and were prepared to do it. He thought it right that the proposed call should be made, so as to give the new manager a fair start.

The Chairman, replying to questions, said that he and his colleagues had not parted with any of their shares, but, on the other hand, had increased their holdings. In addition, they had guaranteed the £50,000 borrowed from the British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company.

Mr. F. H. Booth (a director) said that, as a large shareholder, he should strenuously oppose liquidation. The company had now an annual premium of £50,000, which represented a considerable business and a great deal of hard work. He believed that the day was not far off when bankers would cease to treat the corporation as an enemy.

After further discussion the motion was adopted with one dissentient, and the meeting closed with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman.



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